TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

There is a little store on the corner of two little streets in the west end that is playing an active part in the lives of many people. It is an out-of-the-way store, and when I came upon it for the first time I felt some of the glad elation that Columbus must have felt on first seeing the great, new land. My transports were similar to his but not of such volume—he had found a continent and his name would be immortal; I had found a store where a bunch of matches could be purchased. But mind, you when a man has a cigar ready to be lighted and finds he has not a match, and meets only ladies and effeminate gentlemen who never carry matches, he would rather find one of those little general stores than discover a great, big, uncultivated continent such as this was in 1492. Besides matches, that store was lightly stocked with fish, coal oil, bread, patent pails, pickles, wall paper and other things. The next week the store was vacant and a little notice in the window invited people to rent it. A fortnight later two elderly sisters were running a fancy goods store on the premises, and they sat and sat and waited for the purchasers who never came. Then it was vacant for quite a spell, but at last carpenters entered one morning and over hauled its whole inside, putting up shelves and enlarging the counters, and soon it blazed forth as a drug store with green and red bottles in the window. This promised well, for times must be mighty hard and the location mighty poor when a druggist cannot make a profit. But it did not last a month, and then I knew the place was a regular trap and that no business could flourish there, unless perhaps, a saloon. One day the sidewalk was blocked with a pile of packing cases and on a farmer's wagon at the door stood a load of furniture, and presently the place took on the favorite and familiar appearance of a small general store. It was plain to be seen by the man and his robust wife and children that they had just come in from the farm to grow suddenly rich in this mercantile venture. Being so well posted in the history of the place, I felt a twinge of conscience at not having branded a warning over the fatal doorway.

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There was something pathetic in the childish pleasure evinced by those newly fledged storekeepers in their unaccustomed responsibilities. They sat and chatted cheerfully for a few days, and made quite a furore over waiting upon a small boy buying a few candles; and the man when alone went around whistling, and the woman would come in from the dining-room behind with beaming face, and the children would stand around with a look of happy awe in their great big eyes. Seeing this, I would sneak by, in an indefinable way feeling myself an accomplice of the evil circumstances that were conspiring to ruin such worthy people. On the first Sunday after their advent, about a dozen relatives from the country drove in behind heavy farm horses, ate a hearty family dinner, made a delighted survey of the premises and started for home, half minded to pull up stakes and come into the city, too. But in a few days more the man ceased whistling, and, although I firmly believe he had previously given up smoking as unbecoming to his new occupation, he began using a wooden pipe, which in another day or two was succeeded by a clay one. At first, too, he smoked in an apologetic way, taking his pipe from his mouth when anyone went by, but soon he did not go to this bother, and latterly he sat on the doorstep smoking that clay pipe doggedly and defiantly, no matter who came along. The mother and children were now seldom in the store, they never laughed and they spoke little, as though those strange frowns on the father's brow had taught them to fear him. Pencilled notices in the windows told people that everything was marked down at cost, and then that everything was going for less than cost as "proprietor is retiring from business." I believe that that man, sitting on the step and seeing me go by every day, learned to hate me and everybody who passed and re-passed but purchased nothing. One day the blinds were down and remained so until the first of this week, and now the store is empty again, while the unknown criminal, the accursed human Spider who owns the place has posted up the, to me, familiar notice, "To Let."

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Somewhere in this city the various tenants of that place are now occupying meaner levels than they did before entering its unlucky door. And other little stores and business stands, east and west, can probably count as many victims. That farmer's experience is identical with that of hundreds of others who have abandoned comfortable livelihoods and assured positions to embark on the topsy-turvy waters of Toronto life. Outsiders hear of the prizes won by a few fortunate ones and they long for similar success, but too late they learn that against the success of the few must be set up the misfortunes of the many.

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The fiery disaster which visited the chief city of Newfoundland a short time ago, has afforded a chance for determining what amount of solid bottom there is in national sentiment apart from considerations of common humanity and blood relationship. The considerations referred to appealed as strongly to the United States as to Canada and England, but failed to draw any more relief than a few paltry dollars from individuals. The great republic, which out-dazzles every nation of the world in that spectacular sort of charity which consists in sending to Russia or Ireland a vessel weighed down with streamers and flags and carrying a cargo, half corn and half newspaper reporters (to see that the wide world knows about it) and blatant colonels (to see that the recipients are properly impressed with the magnanimity of the donors)—that republic and the people thereof are not famous for such tame generosity as sending a check confidentially through the mails. If money could be cabled to St. John's; if a ship could be laden and a picture of it published in the *Illustrated News of the World*; if that ship could be allowed to make a slight detour between New York and St. John's and display its flags and its contents at places on the Mediterranean, at Paris and at Liverpool, it would probably be done. But these importunate Newfoundlanders will have their wants supplied before this customary parade could be gone through! So, practically, nothing is done. When the republic makes a gift to the unfortunate, people are willing to overlook the bad taste displayed in sending a brass band along, but at the same time it is too coarse a display to pass attention though it escapes comment. That aggregation of sixty million people may do generous things now and then, but every time they make noise enough for one hundred and twenty million people over the matter. Their generosity is not of the quiet sort indulged by a sincerely good man who acts from high impulse, but it is the jerky and unsafe generosity of the man who never gives a cent to a good cause unless he can make the gift at a vast public meeting amid the applause of thousands.

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The St. John fire was not a case of such severity as to appeal to feelings of common humanity outside a certain radius; nor was the powerful consideration of race, blood and language, of which we hear so much, sufficient to interest the republic in the sufferers by the disaster. Yet the sentiment of nationality and the influence of the flag—it requires some hardihood to mention the flag since it has been put to such indiscreet and insincere use of late—have proved strong enough to traverse the ocean and cause the strong boxes of old England to open and give forth their golden guineas for the relief of those who suffered. The same sentiment caused all Canada to make one spontaneous movement to assist fellow-countrymen—a movement as prompt as it was unselfish, as gratefully accepted as it was devoid of sinister calculation. When one considers the matter-of-course spirit in which Canada hastened to the relief of the chief city of Newfoundland, he must conclude that the ancient spirit which made nations great is still a potent force in the affairs of men. If he does not see that sentiment is still powerful, his eye though open has lost its power of comprehension and he is unable to analyze his own feelings.

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A clever cartoon appeared recently in one of the English papers. It represented Uncle Sam grinding the tail of the British lion under his heel, while the noble beast facing around with a look of the most intense astonishment and amusement exclaimed, "Hello! is the Presidential election on again?"

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The Presidential election is on again, and if the people of Canada did not know it the retaliatory and coercive attitude of the United States legislators would acquaint us of the fact. The president has been endowed with power to levy a toll of five dollars per head on Canadians passing through the Sault Canal, and to be correspondingly dirty with regard to freight. Let him! Surely it is time that the Canadian people should allow the experiment of retaliation to be worked out, so that we can see the size and strength of the bug-a-boo which so frequently threatens to come out of the dark and devour us. If the existence of Canada on this continent is a great geographical and historical impertinence, as we are told it is; if we live on the breath that comes out of the waste pipes of the mighty republic to the south of us, the sooner we discover our dependence the better. Let it go to a test, and on that issue let the Dominion either rise or sink to its true level. It would be better to know the worst now than to have it rudely brought home to us after our country has grown fat and defiant on the prolonged tolerance of its master. Every time an election is on in the United States the terrible threat of retaliation is made, and the vast, uncircumscribed mouth which utters the threat tells us that ruin to all our hopes and interests will ensue. In the past the Canadian Government has always placated these tin-pan thunder-makers by some trivial alteration in the tariff schedule or in the canal regulations, and thereby have we purchased the right to live. When the gasconade of election time is in full blast, it has become the habit to bully Canada up to the line fence and make it take off its hat and publicly admit that it is not as big as its neighbor, and that it knows very well that its neighbor could boot it all over the autumn landscape if it saw fit. Every three or four years our rulers have to walk up with mock solemnity and tender a few empty vowels and consonants as a peace offering to rampant jingoism. Some may consider that peace is cheaply purchased thus, but experience warns us that such ignoble complaisance encourages our neighbor to new arrogance and breeds in him a contempt for us that precludes an equitable relationship. No man carries on a business negotiation with the one who comes to him in quest of alms, and so long as Canada inferentially admits dependence for the sake of peace it will gain only an uneasy and transient relief from harassment.

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At no time during the life of the present generation has the rolling eye of the American jingo seen a proper unanimity of front along the Canadian border. In the success of one bluff after another he has grown bold and extravagant, and to-day the last thing he is prepared for is defiance. It would disconcert him beyond the power to harm. Suppose he should, then, levy tolls on every Canadian passenger and piece of freight going through the canal at Sault Ste Marie, and shut off the Canadian railroads at the frontier? Might not Canada then file a claim upon the territory wherein is laid the St. Clair flats canal, and ignoring a treaty that is already violated, close the Welland canal to Americans? If these opposite steps were taken it might quickly be discovered that the lake port and frontier people of the United States are as numerous and as strong-lunged as are the people of Western Canada. Even though every Canadian were injured, more than five million Americans would find their daily conveniences disarranged, their business interests damaged or ruined; and while we would be suffering in a defensive cause, they would be suffering without seeing any necessity or horse-sense in it. The Hitts and the Davises at Washington would be forced to recognise a new phase of the retaliation question. They would be told that Senators from the Western and South-Western States were too fresh in knifing the vital interests of lake States in order to create a little graff and vain-glory for the party to which they belong. The party would require to promptly repair its blunder, or suffer for it. The outcome would be a thorough overhauling of international relations—nothing but a thorough over hauling would suffice if we contrived to get things into a jolly good mess, and matters of navigation, trade and fisheries would be so intermixed as to demand simultaneous adjustment. A short experience of war to the knife would do Canada another service, in showing us just how near England stands to us in downright reality. We have a notion in this country that our cause is her cause and that she would uphold us at all hazard. This Dominion would do well to learn its true place and its real power for defence and offence on this continent—whether it exists on tolerance merely and whether we are bound by simply a paper band to Great Britain.

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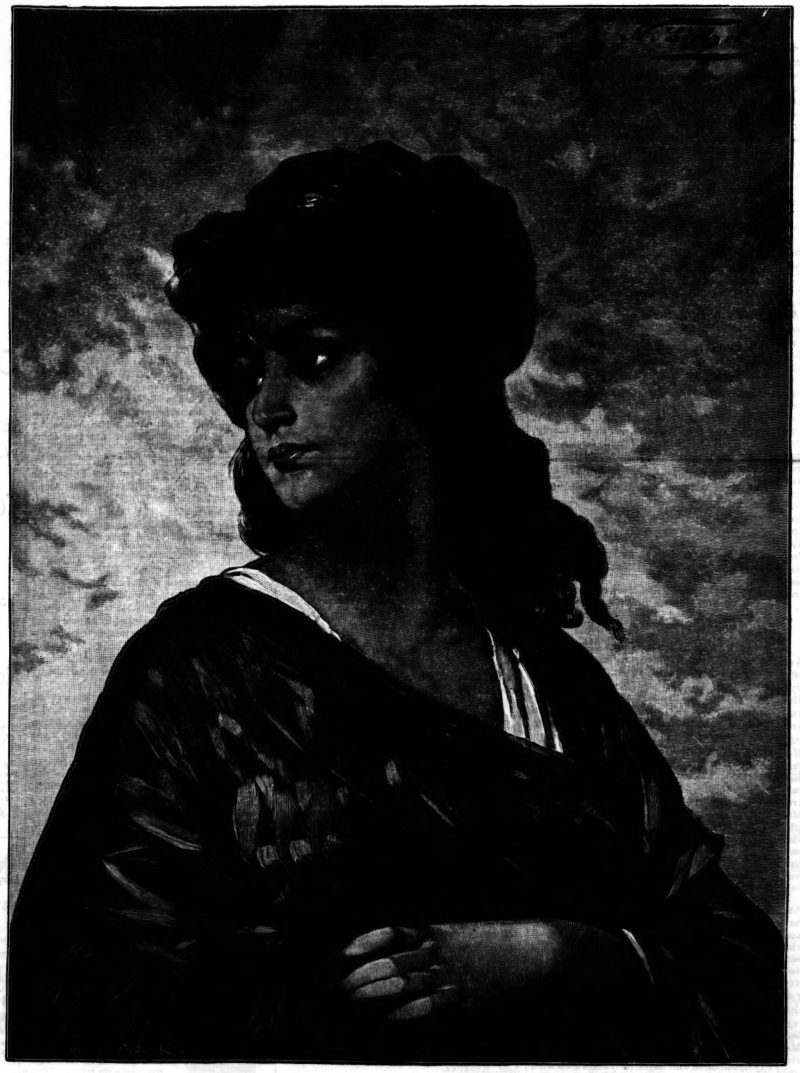
Of course the closing of the Welland canal to American shipping would give a stupendous shock to the commerce of this continent, and just how far the tremors would reach and how destructive they would prove no man can say. This is not a light tit-for-tat game among schoolboys, and retaliation should not be resorted to recklessly and without full appreciation of what the weapon weighs. But, God save us! there is a proper limit to the most



A ROSE OF THE DESERT.

virtuous patience and President Harrison's wind-eating advisers are crowding us close to that limit at the present time. With a just cause and with a knowledge that from chaos would come such a settlement as seems impossible of attainment otherwise, I think it would not be unwise to precipitate chaos, or rather to stand aside and refuse to avert it at the expected sacrifice of our manhood and integrity.

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It is the privilege of any commercial concern like a daily newspaper to dispense with the services of any one of its employees whenever it may choose, and equally is it the privilege of any such employee to resign his place and retire to private life at discretion. This being so, the retirement of Mr. Farrer from the editorial staff of the *Globe* should be exclusively the private business of that gentleman and that paper, but the history of this clever editorial writer's connection with the Liberal organ has been so dramatic, his views so offensive and his personality so aggressive that his retirement is regarded as more like that of a public man than of an anonymous editorial contributor. Whatever Mr. Farrer's abilities may be, it was thought by many that his engagement by the *Globe* directors was a piece of bad policy, unless, indeed, they were prepared to give him free rein and endorse his Annexation, anti-French and anti-Catholic crusades. The man had so many and such conspicuous antagonisms that it was impossible to dissociate the paper from the bad odors thrown off by its chief writer. He was one of the biggest and most vindictive bees in every hornets' nest that menaced the security and harmony of the household of Confederation. As such he proved a source of wicked and ungovernable strength to a paper that had been traditionally hum drum but sure-footed. Every dip of his pen in the editorial ink sent out ripples of disquietude over the placid surface of deep, unchangeable Liberalism. Tickled by new sensations, from here and there came evidences of pleasure, but there was an under current of disapprobation. Sir Oliver Mowat, the man who monopolizes the rare secret of being a Liberal and a winner at one and the same time, was the embodied representative of this feeling of displeasure. He claims to be a patriotic Canadian all through, and no fair critic can say that he fails to prove himself such whenever an opportunity occurs. Mr. Farrer admits that he resigned because delicacy of feeling forbade him to longer retain his post when he found that the Premier of Ontario had such an unconquerable distaste for him.

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As a contribution to the press speculations on this resignation, I would say that nobody has suggested any relationship between it and the retaliation policy just inaugurated at Washington. It seems not unlikely to me that Mr. Farrer's decision was hastened, and the reluctance of the *Globe* directors to lose him was borne down by the prospect of bitter international and domestic feeling over the closing of the Sault canal and the cutting off of Canadian railways at the boundary. If things reach the worst length and we struggle under the grim evils of commercial war, as seems possible, the Liberal party would be hampered by the presence on its chief organ of the man who had a few years ago elaborated this very scheme for "bringing Canada to her senses." To retain him through such a trying period would draw down upon the paper and the party which ostensibly controls it, the maledictions of every man whose pocket would suffer. We are told that in this case the mariners would have been true, but that delicacy of feeling prompted Jonah to jump into the sea and trust to luck for a whale.

MACK.

Social and Personal.

The tremendous heat of the past week has caused many a lingering Torontonian to fly Muskokaward and seaward. Among the pretty rural spots Lake Simcoe claims some of the prettiest, and a number of our fellow citizens are enjoying them. At the Peninsular Park Hotel are: Mrs. E. F. Hebden and her children, Hon. C. F. and Mrs. Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. McWilliams and family, Mr. Thomas Flynn, Mrs. James and Miss McDonell, Miss Robinson, Miss Cocks, Miss Chadwick, Mr. J. Grant Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Lowe, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Ryan, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Small, Mr. and Mrs. Cosgrave, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. William Clarke, Mr. C. P. and the Misses Archbold. Among the guests from across the line are: Mr. J. C. and Miss Riley of Cincinnati, O., Mrs. Sharpe and Miss Ebbut of Middlebro', W. S.

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Tennis has taken up the time and thoughts of many young people during the torrid hours of the past week, and cool and enviable looked the clever players in their white suits to the melting onlooker at the lawn on Front street. A great deal of enthusiasm was manifested and some excellent play was made. Mr. Hovey of Newton Center, Mass., and Mr. Swabey of the Victorias met in a single combat which resulted in a victory for Mr. Hovey, who is credited with being the best tennis player of the day in America. Mr. Hovey was delighted with the courts, remarking that he had never played on better turf. Among the smart people present at the tournament were: Mr. and Miss Yarker, Col. and the Misses Pope, Mr. Brouse, Col. Jones, Mrs. McMahon, Miss Grant and Miss Hugh Macdonald, the Misses Beatty, the Misses Mack of St. Catharines, Mr. Arthur and Dr. Grasett, Miss Langtry, Mr. Massey, Miss Burritt, Mr. Grote and Mr. Nelson. The tournament closed on Thursday, and the last day was largely attended by a pretty throng of society ladies and a very enthusiastic lot of men.

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Mr. J. Grayson and the Misses Smith are at Prospect House, Port Sandfield, Muskoka.

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Miss Nelly Gordon of College street is spending some time at Port Sandfield.

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The following guests are registered at the Prospect House, Port Sandfield: Judge and Mrs. Ardagh of Barrie, Mr. and Mrs. Ireland, Mr. and Mrs. O'Donnell, Mr. and Mrs. James Mason, Mr. H. Galt, Mrs. May and family, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. James, Mr. and Mrs. Burns, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Hyams, Mr. and Mrs. George Bell, Miss Nelles, Mr. George C. Gilmor, Mr. E. Heaton, Mr. G. Heaton, Mr. E. A. Kastner, Mr. M. H. Ludwig, Mr. Owen A. Smiley and Mr. F. G. Lugsdin of Toronto, Mr. J. Wilfred Craig of Rochester, Mr. and Miss Crossen of Cobourg, Miss Graham of Strathroy, Miss Bond, Miss Carrie Bond, Miss Beckett, Mrs. and Miss Fairgreave, Miss Stewart, Mr. E. Martin, Q. C., Mrs. Martin and family of Hamilton, Mr. James and Miss Watt of Guelph, Mrs. and Miss Turnbull of Galt. A most successful series of concerts has been held under the direction of Mr. Owen A. Smiley. The approaching regatta and ball, August 11, promises to be a delightful affair.

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Mrs. Francis Richardson has been called to Goderich on account of the death of her brother, Mr. Otway.

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Mr. and Mrs. George Shaw, Mr. Bruenech and a very jolly party of friends are enjoying the delights of rural life at Rossmoyne. Mrs. Shaw paid a flying visit to Toronto this week, and is very much charmed with Rossmoyne and Muskoka.

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The Misses Ethel, Gertrude and Olive Parkinson, daughters of Captain Parkinson, are holiday-making at Thorold, Ontario, where they are the guests of Mayor Turner.

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Many are the fish stories which find their way from the various summer resorts. One Toronto lady, Miss Alice Blachford, has had a fine catch, and feels as she should, rather proud of it. On Saturday last, while trolling by herself in Lake Rosseau, she took a salmon trout weighing 9½ pounds and measuring thirty inches. The fish gave some sport to the fair "Rebecca" Walton, and was not landed without a struggle.

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Miss Norma Reynolds will spend August among the Thousand Islands.

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A couple of beautiful concerts were given this week by the Arion Quartette, Mr. Percy Mitchell, violinist, and Miss Sullivan, pianiste, at the Thousand Island Park.

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Mr. J. G. FitzGibbon, banker, of Norwood, is visiting in the city for a few days.

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Mr. and Mrs. William Thomson and family, of North street, left this week for their summer residence, Apollo Isle, Lake Muskoka.

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Mrs. James Coldham and the Misses Coldham, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lyndam, maid and children, of Toledo, are summering at Beaumaris Hotel, Lake Muskoka.

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Messrs. M. M. Kertland and Baines took in the Saratoga regatta.

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Mr. George Douglass and Mr. William Croft, jr., sailed by the Vancouver for a month's visit to England.

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A nice little colony of cottagers are at Kew Beach. Among them are: Mr. Adams and family, Mr. Oliver and family, Mr. Allen, Mr. Johnson and family, Mr. A. Willis and family, Rev. H. E. S. Somerville and family, Mr. Rupert M. Simpson and family, and Rev. Mr. Dyke and family.

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Mr. R. S. Williams and family are at Kew Beach.

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Mrs. and Miss Boon of Murray street are visiting friends in New York.

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Miss Marion and G. H. Cottrell of Breslau leave on Tuesday for a month's trip to England.

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Mr. R. S. Mortley, Mrs. Mortley, Messrs. W. J. Curran and William Smith are summering at Hanlan's Island. Their cottage is near Lighthouse Bay.

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A very pleasant little reception was given for Rev. George H. Webb recently, who has been assistant curate at St. Matthias for two years, on the eve of his departure from this parish to one in the eastern border of the diocese. Mr. and Mrs. Webb will be much missed. Several tokens of remembrance were presented by the parishioners, one being a very fine cassock. The informality of this little reception or "farewell" was its best feature, and made the regret at parting which one naturally feels, less trying, and the result was a very pleasant evening.

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Mr. and Mrs. MacIntyre of Cecil street have returned from a pleasant two weeks' trip, and intend leaving shortly for Muskoka to spend a month.

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Miss McVity has been visiting in Boston and New York.

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Mr. and Mrs. Lewis of Ottawa are the guests of Mrs. J. Wilson at her pretty summer residence at Eglinton.

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Rev. H. O. Tremayne and Mrs. Tremayne have gone away for a two months' trip, and will spend part of the time at Bobcaygeon, the guests of Rev. Mr. Creighton at the Rectory.

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Mr., Mrs. and Miss Powel sailed last Tuesday for England.

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On Tuesday evening last the private grounds of Mr. Christopher Robinson, Q. C., were prettily illuminated and beautifully decorated with flags and bunting of all sorts, it being the annual garden party under the auspices of St. Margaret's church. Stalls of different descriptions were placed around the lawn, at which the following ladies presided: Flowers—Miss Hunter, Miss Ida Battis, Miss Verrall and Miss Gertie Battis; Lemonade—Miss Gardner, Miss McBrien, Miss Dee and Miss Sawyer; Ice Cream—Mrs Harvard, Mrs. Irvine, Miss J. McGregor, Miss Porch and Miss May Battis; Candies—Miss Porter and the Misses Ceeson; Fish Pond—Miss Hall and Miss Ritchings. The *fete* was under the management of the rector, Rev. R. J. Moore, and a committee composed of Ald. Verral, Messrs. R. J. Code, C. Coghlan, S. Bennett, Percy Rogers and Percy Elliott. A pleasant evening was enjoyed by all. The music on this occasion was supplied by Heintzman's band under the leadership of Mr. T. Baugh.

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Miss E. H. Hueston of Sullivan street is spending six weeks' vacation at Stoney Lake.

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Mr. Albert W. Stewart, late of the Ontario Bank, now with the City National Bank, Dallas, Texas, accompanied by Mr. Bouchette Anderson and Mr. Kenneth Stewart, has returned to town after a visit to Dannville on the Grand, where they were the guests of Mr. Robert Conolly.

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Mr. Charles M. Kirby, of Wyld, Grasett & Darling's, has gone west on a holiday trip.

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Mrs. Farbrace Winthrop and Mrs. Percy Beale of Niagara-on-the-Lake have given garden parties to their young friends.

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Mrs. Emily Oulton of Hamilton is the guest of Mrs. Winthrop at Niagara-on-the Lake.

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Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Barnwell of Columbia, South Carolina, are on a visit to Dr. Herbert Adams of this city.

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Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wedd and family are summering at the Island.

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Sir John Thompson and Hon. Mackenzie Bowell of Ottawa, Mr. H. Corby, M.P., Mr. W. R. Northrop, M.P., Mr. J. C. Jamieson, Mr. John Taylor, Mr. R. E. Lasier, and Mr. W. L. Hamilton of Belleville, Mr. W. T. Higgins, mayor of Cleveland, and Mr. Frank Wood of Prescott were guests at the Lake Shore House, Sand Banks, on July 26.

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Dr. and Mrs. Davis of Aylmer are visiting Mrs. J. G. Scott of Sherbourne street.

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Mr. and Mrs. Allen Aylesworth of Madison avenue are spending the summer at Narragansett Pier, R. I.

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Sir Oliver Mowat and party are at Penetanguishene.

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Madame Boscovitz is visiting Mrs. G. M. Pullman at Long Branch, on her way to Narragansett.

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Mr. and Mrs. J. Fraser Macdonald of Avenue road and the Misses Milligan of Sherbourne street are summering at the Penetanguishene.

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Mrs. E. S. Cox and Miss Evelyn Cox sailed for Europe this week.

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Mr. and Miss MacLean Howard are spending the heated term at Penetang.

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Miss Owen of Ontario street is at home for a short time.

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Mr. and Mrs. Albert Stovel have been spending a holiday in Winnipeg.

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Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Watson of 50 Carlton street are summering at Balmy Beach.

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Rev. Canon Cayley expects to spend part of August in Muskoka.

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Mrs. Drewery of 468 Church street and her daughter, Miss Roblin, are at Burlington Beach.

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Mrs. Duff of Howard street is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Frank Britton, Niagara Falls South.

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Mrs. J. D. Smith and Mrs. A. B. Lee of Isabella street left for Strawberry Island, Lake Simcoe, this week.

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Miss Annie Michie has returned home after a delightful visit with friends at Fergus.

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Among the guests at the Penetanguishene are: Mr. and Mrs. R. Jardine and family and Mr. R. MacCullock of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Howland, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. and Mr. J. B. Brannestin of Cincinnati, Dr. Sutton of Pittsburgh, Pa., Mrs. Greenhill and family of Galt, Mr. J. L. Lawson of Newburgh, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Hogg and family of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Smith of Raleigh, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Jeffers of Wilmington, Mr. H. M. Howard of Chicago, Mrs. L. J. Mayer of New York. From Toronto are: Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Kemp, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Malone and family, Mr. B. B., Mrs. and Miss Osler, Mrs. F. Osler, Messrs. J. M. and W. K. Kerr, J. G. Reid, jr., W. Foster, F. E. Galbraith, A. F. Matthews, Finwick, Henry Shaw, R. C. Donald, J. and L. Bain, J. S. and W. W. McMaster, R. D. Fairburn, D. T. Symonds, C. E. J. Hemming, Rev. Canon and Mrs. Sweny and Miss Bostwick, Dr. and Mrs. Holford Walker, Mrs. W. H. Adamson, Miss E. M. Sutton, Misses Scott, C. H. Wells, Price, Molesworth, Boggs, E. T. Matthews, Reid, Himsworth, Mr. and Mrs. Frankel and family, Mrs. O'Reilly and family, Mr. and Mrs. Shepley and family, Mr. and Mrs. Dodd, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Taylor and family, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Kenny, Mr. and Mrs. H. Flemming, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Howard and family, Mr. and Mrs. Himsworth, Mrs. W. Macculock and family, and Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Park of Cannata.

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A charming summer resort, much affected by Southern visitors, is Humberston, on Lake Erie. A colony of cottages and a central hotel-restaurant make summer quarters for one of the pleasantest of holiday parties. Among the Toronto people who have cottages there this summer are Messrs. Jack Massey and family and H. S. Mara and family.

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Mrs. Frank Phillips and family of Queen's Park are spending the summer at Port Sandfield, Muskoka.

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Among those who attended the social hop at Hotel Louise, Lorne Park, were: Mr. W. J. McWhinney, Mr. Maurice Taylor, Mr. J. W. Maclean, Mr. J. C. Thompson, Miss Ryan, Mrs. J. Earls, Mrs. Brennan, Miss Sparrow, Miss Ritchie, Miss Campbell, Mr. C. Ryan, Mr. J. C. Curry, Mr. C. J. Long, Mr. W. H. Hunter, Mr. G. H. Orr, Miss Sloan, Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Bretnell, Mr. P. L. Jacobi, Mrs. Thompson, Mr. A. R. Thompson, Mr. C. H. Whitehead, Mrs. Rogers, Miss Holderness, Mrs. A. Patterson, Miss Earls and others.

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The Rev. Mr. Kingston was in town this week.

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Miss Knight of Woodstock has been spending a few days with friends in the city.

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The corner stone of the new church at Norway is to be laid this afternoon at 3 o'clock by the Lord Bishop of Toronto. A number of Toronto people are going out to witness the ceremony.

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Mr. M. L. A. Stewart has entertained a party of prominent Americans during the past week, who are delighted with Canada and Canadians. They are: Col. Martin, Mr. Charles D. Fuller and Mr. W. R. Stewart. The party travel in Col. Martin's private car, and intend taking a trip through Canada before their return.

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Dr. Stewart of Newmarket was in town this week.

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Mr. Alexander McCarthy of Barrie was in town this week.

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Mrs. Michie was the guest of Mrs. McMurrich at De Grassi Point recently.

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Miss Bannister of Brampton has been visiting friends in town.

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Mrs. Grey, Mr. A. Mackenzie and Miss Ethel Godson of Toronto have been the guests of Mrs. Percy Beale, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

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Rev. E. Bertram Hooper of Moncton, New Brunswick, is visiting his father, Capt. Hooper of Rosedale for a few weeks.

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Miss Bentley of Sutton, who has been the guest of Mrs. Cawthra of Rosedale for a few days, returned home last Monday.

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Many professional men are spending the summer on the Island. Ministers, lawyers, doctors and editors are common, while there is a fair sprinkling of artists, dentists and the other professions.

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Miss Emily Lick, of the Boston School of Oratory, is visiting her old friend, Miss May Bull of Walmer road.

* * *

Mrs. William M. Burden, servant and two children, are spending the summer months at Eagle's Nest, Muskoka. Their address is Ferndale P.O.

The Lake Magazine

Commencing with an August number there has been issued a new Canadian periodical called *The Lake Magazine*, published by the Lake Publishing Company, and coming from the presses of John M. Poole & Co. The initial number is a very creditable one and we understand is meeting with large sales at the bookstands. For August the contributors are chiefly Toronto newspaper men whose names are little known although their writings are read daily all over the country. Edward Blake and Ireland by John A. Ewan is, owing to its treatment as well as timeliness, the best paper of the lot, while A Cheap and Simple Franchise by Arthur F. Wallis is thoughtful and strong. The total contents comprise a variety that makes the magazine well worth reading. After the two articles mentioned and the editor's salutatory, the contributions are: The Land of Manana by T. A. Greig, Canada and Imperial Federation by J. Castell Hopkins, A Canadian Literature by T. Arnold Hamilton, M.A., Art in Canada To-Day by H. W. Charlesworth, The Doctrine of Handicap by John Lewis, Second Sight Along the Wires by Thomas Mulvey. Then there are two short stories, A Lucky Wreck by E. J. Toker and My Friend Mark by Joe T. Clark, and two poems, Penseroso by E. Pauline Johnson, the clever Indian poetess, and The Guardian Angel by W. T. Tassie. Altogether the new periodical has started out well, and if it and the *Dominion Illustrated Monthly* prosper as they should Canada will at last have brought forth its own magazines.

Returned with Thanks.

A few years ago there was in some portions of the Wild West much lawlessness of one kind and another, only checked by an occasional piece of individual retribution, or by an outburst of vigilance committee work.

A curious shooting affair, which occurred in Medora, North Dakota, is thus described by Mr. Roosevelt:

I did not actually witness the occurrence, but I saw both men immediately afterward, and I heard the shooting, which took place in a saloon on the bank, while I was swimming my horse across the river. I will not give the full names of the two contestants, as I am not certain what has become of them, though I was told that they had since been put in jail or hanged, I forget which.

One of them was a saloonkeeper, familiarly called Welshy. The other man, Hay, had been bickering with him for some time. One day Hay entered the saloon, and the quarrel at once became violent. Welshy suddenly whipped out his revolver and blazed away at Hay.

Hay staggered slightly, shook himself, held out his hand, and gave back to his would-be slayer the ball, saying:

"Here's your bullet, man."

It had glanced along his breast-bone, gone a roundabout course, and come out at the point of his shoulder, when, being spent, it dropped down his sleeve.

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

Chamois Gloves from 95c.

A special line in Swede finish Thread Gloves, 75c.
Silk Gloves in all lengths, the new shades.
Gloves embroidered in any color to match costume.

CORSETS

In order to introduce the P. D. Corsets, so that they may become widely known, we are having (for this month only) a special sale.
Marguerite at $3, usual price $4; Donita, $5, usual price $6. R. & G. is every style and price.

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Pretty Delaines and India Silks for summer wear.
Special attention given to Trousseaux.

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Glass

RICH CUT GLASS . . .

A piece of brilliant cut glass makes a handsome gift. Until a few weeks ago a few pieces only were to be seen in the art stores, but lately the Pantechnetheca have been showing a complete line, in fact the only complete line in the city.

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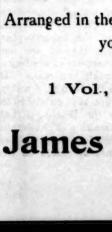

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Arranged in the most complete and simplest way for keeping tally of your game, and in use by all the best clubs.

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TORONTO

Some Pretty Gowns.

A COUPLE of pretty black silk frocks were turned out last week for an expectant bride. The plainest style and the richest material was the choice of this sensible young lady. The dinner gown was made plain in the skirt, with a tiny bias ruffle gathered in the center for a foot trimming. The low bodice had puffed sleeves and low full shoulder *fichu* of satin-dotted mauve silk, and straps of passementerie in mauve and silver gave the fashionable corselet effect. The second gown was richly ornamented with silk French outline lace, and true-lover's knots of rich jet were distributed here and there. The bodice was *decolette* and finished with a deep fringe of jet, the sleeves were neat little puffs of silk softly folded round the armhole. Both these gowns were lady-like and rich and much more effective than many a more elaborate creation.

•

This same bride had chosen a charming gray cashmere *neglige*, which was made with a yoke and puffed sleeves of gray brocade, the appropriate and emblematical true-lover's knots being *en evidence* in a darker shade. A double Watteau pleat finished with three short flat loops of gray corded ribbon fell from the center of the yoke behind, and the loose front was neatly strapped by a band of brocade. The traveling dress was of mottled pepper and salt tweed, flecked sparely with dark red, and was made in that most becoming style, the princess corselet; the sleeves and guimpe above the corselet were of dome blue bengaline and a dainty cord passementerie in medallions garnished the foot trimming, which was of loosely laid horizontal folds. The coat is deeply slashed below the waist line, and has wide revers; and the hat is of gray chip with dome blue velvet and mottled wings, making a most refined and complete costume. This bride intends to take in an ocean voyage or two on her six months' honeymoon, and a charmingly cosy and simple little *robe de voyage* is provided, of navy serge, with severely plain bell skirt and postillion basque, enlivened with handsome pearl buttons.

•

The latest French hat is the most becoming thing of the season. It flares in the back and comes to an odd little point in the front. Between the sides of the point there is just room for the puffy bang of the summer girl. The foundation of the hat is black guipure lace, with a narrow edge falling over the brim. A large bow of soft pale green ribbon and stately loops form the trimming. Each loop is studded with imitation emeralds and glossy jets. Wavy aigrettes tower above the loops of ribbon. They are resplendent with alternating rows of the emeralds and jet.

•

A handsome wedding dress for another bride is under way, and will provoke many a glance of admiration when worn by this bride in the very near future. It is essentially a midsummer gown, soft and light and billowy, with a guimpe of *lisse* and a dainty foot trimming of puffs of bengaline overlining with most elegant crescents of Venetian embroidery; the little flaring collar is also backed with embroidery, and the gown can be worn either with or without the guimpe, which is detached. A soft folded girdle crosses the front and if I remember aright, the fastenings are one of those Chinese puzzles in which *modistes* of to-day take delight.

•

I saw a pretty dress in New York the other day. It was made of brown holland, with skirt, blouse of China silk, and a little silk-lined Eton jacket; the tiny coarse straw hat had no trimming but an *ecru* band of ribbon, and the fair wearer was a complete picture of properly baked biscuit. She stepped out of Erich's on Twenty-third street with a flirt of her cream parasol, and a turn of her dainty gloved wrist, and she gathered up her skirt over a dream of an *ecru* embroidered silk petticoat, and her little feet (those tiny New York feet!) stepped airily up the stair of the "L" clad in cream stockings and tan shoes. I stood still and watched her as she went higher, higher, and the flying train came in, and she disappeared therein, accompanied by a gentle benison from

LA MODE.

Thanks for information are given to Messrs. Wm. Stitt & Co.

A Day in a Humble Life

WHEN they left her she was standing in the doorway of the old weather-beaten kitchen, gazing after the sharp-featured town merchants with a look of patient sadness in her eyes. The burning rays of the July sun beat down upon the shingled roof. They shone searchingly upon the cheap cotton dress and pink sunbonnet of the tired woman, and blazed in her shrunken face with dazzling brightness. As she rested her wrinkled hand upon the door frame the evidences of long and homely toil were plainly visible. The fingers were knotted and twisted, and the hand trembled slightly as she removed it from the place casting to shade her eyes from the sunlight. The gray wisps of hair struggled from beneath her bonnet and hung about her faded cheeks, while the pale lips tried in vain to hide their tremblings. The cruel words of the men who had just left still rung in her ears: "It the money is not paid by the end of the week your son shall go to jail." Her Tom go to jail! The thought of it almost overpowered her. She went into the kitchen, and in an absent sort of way began to prepare her husband's dinner. The kettle was singing cheerfully, although the old stove showed great red gaps in its rusty sides. Through the chinks in the board walls she could see the scanty crop of wheat in the field behind the barn, and her husband toiling in the stifling heat. He must never know that Tom has got into this last trouble. He was getting old and such things told very heavily with him.

She sank into a chair and watched the steam from the boiling vegetables, raising her eyes every now and then to watch the apple boughs waving in the breeze. The fowls scratched and fluttered in the warm sand before the door, and her favorite cat purred in the shade of the currant bushes. Everything was so peaceful and quiet that she could scarcely realize that Tom was breaking his parents' hearts.

She remembered what a strong, lusty baby he was, and how frantically he kicked when he was christened in the little meeting-house down the road. That was twenty years ago. When they first started housekeeping her husband was strong and healthy, and everything seemed cheering and prosperous. She called to mind how they used to sit in the cool of the evening on the front "stoop" and watch the fading glory of the summer day; or they would stroll into the pasture field and she would milk Daisy, the spotted cow (a present from her father), and John would carry the brimming pail home for her. Then they would sit in the yellow lamplight, and John would read from Scott or Captain Marryat while she sewed at mysterious little garments until her bright cheek would pale, and John, the big strong fellow, would carry her in his arms to her little room, into which the soft moonlight crept. And one lovely day in September, when the glory of the falling leaves turned the whole country into a plain of fire, there was a little wail from the darkened room and a tiny craft embarked on the rough waters of life, and big, honest John's eyes moistened as a wee one was placed in his arms. That was Tom. Then the years crept along and Tom's ringing laugh went echoing down the garden path, and out under the apple trees which he called his; and his father grew more proud of him every day. They were all happy then. But the years years brought sad changes, and Tom grew wild and sought the excitement of the city, and by and by the farm was mortgaged in the same old way; and now the mother sits and rocks herself in her weary way, for the amount is large and she dares not tell the toil-worn man who labors so painfully in the field.

She rose from her chair with a new resolve. She would work as she never worked before and save Tom from disgrace. She made her way to the cellar and seized her butter tub with trembling hands. "It will help some," she said. "I will take it out in the orchard among the trees and work it over there." She tried to lift it and suddenly put her hand to her side. O John, John. And John coming home for his humble meal found her there, with her gray hair tumbled on the damp floor, and lifted her poor, tired head on his knees. Then as a ray of sunlight streamed into the cellar from the open door she lifted her eyes to it and whispered "Poor Tom," and faded away like the breeze that stirred the boughs on the apple trees.

B. KELLY.

His Name Was All Right.

A young fellow six feet tall and weighing two hundred pounds, not long ago applied to a Detroit merchant for a position in his store.

"What's your name?" inquired the merchant.

"Little Dickey Robinson," replied the young man promptly.

"What!" exclaimed the merchant in astonishment as he surveyed his proportions.

"Little Dickey Robinson," was the reply, this time several tones louder.

It made the merchant half angry.

"What in thunder does a great big fellow like you mean by giving such a name as that!" he asked indignantly. "Haven't you cut loose from your mother's apron strings yet?"

The young fellow's temper was admirable, and he was after a job besides.

"I give such a name as that, sir," he said, "because that is my name, and if you've got a man in this house that thinks he can lick me, or dares to make fun of me, trot him out."

The merchant began to smooth him down and asked for an explanation.

"It's this way," he said, quite good-naturedly. "My mother's maiden name was Little, my father's name was Robinson, and his mother's maiden name was Dickey. They wanted me to have the family names, and so I'm Little Dickey Robinson."

The explanation was eminently satisfactory; so was the young man, and he's going to work.

Familiar.

Mrs. Hicks—My husband is not at home, but you may leave your name.

Stranger—It's no matter; just say a man called to see him.

Mrs. Hicks—I remember the name; he often speaks of seeing you at the theater.

Fond of Novelties.

Miss Athenia Hubbs (of Boston)—Here is an advertisement: "Wanted—A literary man of fine culture and high attainments to go to St. Louis." I wonder what they want of him!

Mrs. Hubbs—I presume they wish to see one.

Aphorisms

Consider what God can do and you will never despair of success.—*Thomas Wilson.*

The true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them.—*Goldsmith.*

Silence is the consummate eloquence of sorrow.—*William Winter.*

Hard to Tell.

Miss de Flutter—Now, papa, is my hat on straight?

Mr. de Flutter—Well, miss, I should say that from its plenitude of decoration it was not only on straight, but in every other direction too!

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ALL VARIETIES IN SEASON

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Athletic shirts, cream, men's, 50c; boys', 45c.

We want the men to know that our men's furnishings counters is a spot to know.

Unlaundered shirts, white, 50c.
Laundered shirts, white, 4 ply, 75c.
Balbriggan underwear, fine, 50c.
Neckwear—great variety.

We do not believe in fancy prices in men's furnishings. We do believe in stylish goods and good goods

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And we have a large range to choose from, too. The latest is a dainty muslin front with two rows of embroidery for 50c.

For those who will take the trouble and make their own we have a pretty range of materials and prints, and some we are clearing at very low prices.

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To use Mrs. Gervaise Graham's Face Bleach. Then, when the season begins, you will be ready to receive all the homage paid to the beautiful girl with the clear, brilliant complexion free from freckles, blotches or tan.

LITTLE GYPSY, with one side of her face bleached, still at our parlors, illustrates the extraordinary efficacy of Face Bleach. Nearly two hundred of bottles of this wonderful preparation sold last week.

Call and see us if you have any facial blemishes. Superfluous hair, birthmarks, etc., permanently removed by electrolysis without leaving scar. Send 10c. for sample of Kosmeo and Booklet.

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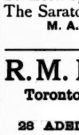

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The Most Stylish Ladies
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Because there is REALLY NOTHING which will keep the hair in curls during the hot weather Armand's styles of front curls are made very light in make, and adds decidedly to a lady's appearance. No lady should be without one of our stylish bangs. A lady's own hair requires rest from curling and to give her hair a chance to grow in again. There are numbers of reasons why a lady ought to adopt one of ARMAND'S fashionable bangs.

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Our Ladies' Hair dressing Parlors have no equal on the American continent.

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MISS DUFFY'S Mantles, Wraps, Jackets, &c., are also reduced to half price, and ladies desiring travelling or boating garments should take this opportunity of replenishing their wardrobe at low cost.

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For bathing this place cannot be surpassed in any fresh water.

East and West lake furnish all the good fishing the most sanguine could desire.

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French System of Face Massage

whereby massage applied to the face removes and prevents wrinkles, develops facial beauty, rounding out angles and improving the expression.

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In The Days of the Mutiny:

A MILITARY NOVEL.

BY G. A. HENTY,

Author of "The Curse of Carne's Hold," "A Hidden Foe," &c.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

As soon as Bathurst began to remove the covering of the hole, a voice came from below.

"Is that you, Bathurst?"

"All right, doctor."

"Heaven be praised. You are back sooner than I expected, by a long way. I heard voices talking, so I doubted whether it was you."

"The ladder is still there I suppose, doctor?"

"Yes, it is just as you got off it. What are you going to do about the hole?"

"Rujub is here, he will cover it up after me."

"Then you were right," the doctor said, as Bathurst stepped down beside him, "and you found the juggler really waiting for you?"

"At the bungalow, doctor, as I expected."

"And what have you done? You can hardly have seen Por, it is not much over an hour since you left.

"I have seen him, doctor, and what is more, he has pledged his word for our safety."

"Thank God for that, lad; it is more than I expected. This will be news, indeed, for the poor women. And do you think he will be strong enough to keep his pledge?"

"I think so. He asked me to wait until to-morrow afternoon before going out with a flag of truce, and said that by that time he would get the other Talookdars to stand by him, and would make terms whether the Sepoys liked it or not."

"Well, you shall tell us all about it afterwards, Bathurst; let us take the news into them at once; it is long since they had good tidings of any kind, it would be cruel to keep them in suspense, even for five minutes."

There was no noisy outburst of joy, when the news was told. Three weeks before it would have been received with the liveliest satisfaction, but now the bitterness of death was well nigh passed; half the children lay in their graves in the garden, scarce one of the ladies but had lost husband or child, and while women murmured "Thank God!" as they clasped their children to them, the tears ran down as they thought how different it would have been had the news come sooner. The men, although equally quiet, yet showed more outward satisfaction than the women. Warm grasps of the hands were exchanged by those who had fought side by side during these terrible days, and a load seemed lifted at once off their shoulders.

Bathurst stayed but a moment in the room after this news was told, but went in with Dr. Wade to the major and reported to him in full the conversation that had taken place between himself and Por Sing.

"I think you are right, Bathurst; if the Oude men hold together, the Sepoys will scarcely risk a breach with them. Whether he will be able to secure our safety afterwards is another thing."

"I quite see that, major, but it seems to me that we have no option but to accept his offer and hope for the best."

"That is it," the doctor agreed; "it is certain death if we don't surrender. There is a chance that he will be able to protect us if we do. At any rate, we can be no worse off than we are here."

Isobel had been in with Mrs. Doolan nursing the sick children when Bathurst arrived, but they presently came out, Isobel shook hands with him without speaking.

"We are all heavily indebted to you, Mr. Bathurst," Mrs. Doolan said. "If we escape from this, it will be to you that we, humanly speaking, owe our lives."

She spoke in a voice that all in the room could hear.

"You are right, Mrs. Doolan," the doctor said, "and I think that there are some who must regret now the manner in which they have behaved to Bathurst since this siege began."

"I do for one," Captain Doolan said, coming forward. "I have regretted it for some time, though I have not had the manliness to say so. I am heartily sorry I have done you a great and cruel injustice. I mean it, and I know that the doctor, who knew you vastly better than I did, was not likely to be mistaken. Putting that aside I ought to have seen, and I did see, though I would not acknowledge it even to myself, that no man has borne himself more calmly and steadfastly through this siege than you have, and that by twice venturing out among the enemy you gave proof that you possessed as much courage as any of us. I do hope that you will give me your hand."

All the others who had held aloof from Bathurst came forward and expressed their deep regret for what had occurred.

Bathurst heard them in silence.

"I do not feel that there is anything to forgive," he said quietly. "I am glad to hear what you say, and I know you mean it, and I accept the hands you offer; but what you felt towards me has affected me but little, for your contempt for me was nothing to my contempt of myself. Nothing can alter the fact that here, where every man's hand was wanted to defend the ladies and children, my hand was paralysed; that whatever I may be at other times, in the hour of battle I fall hopelessly; nothing that I can do can wipe out that disgrace."

"You exaggerate it altogether, Bathurst," Wilson broke in, hotly. "It is nonsense your talking like that, after the way you jumped down into the middle of them with that mace of yours. It was splendid."

"More than that, Mr. Bathurst," Mrs. Doolan said. "I think we women know what true courage is; and there is not one of us who has, since this siege began, been helped and strengthened by your calmness—not one but has reason to be deeply grateful for your kindness to our children during this terrible time. I won't hear even you speak against yourself."

"Then I will not do so, Mrs. Doolan," he said with a grave smile. "And now I will go and sit with the major for a time. Things are quieter to-night than they have been for some time past, and I trust he will get some sleep."

So saying he quietly left the room.

"I don't believe he has slept two hours at a time since the siege began," Mrs. Doolan said with tears in her eyes. "We have all suffered, God only knows what we have suffered, but I am sure that he has suffered more than any of us. As for you men, you may well say you are sorry and ashamed of your treatment of him. Coward, indeed! Mr. Bathurst may be nervous, but I am sure he has as much courage as anyone here. Come, Isobel, you were up all last night and it's past two o'clock now. We must try to get a little sleep before morning, and I should advise everyone else off duty to do the same."

At daybreak firing re-commenced and was kept up energetically all the morning. At two o'clock a white flag was hoisted from the terrace, and its appearance was greeted with shouts of triumph by the assailants. The firing at once ceased, and in a few minutes a native officer carrying a white flag advanced towards the walls.

"We wish to see the Zemindar Por Sing," Bathurst said, "to treat with him upon the subject of our surrender."

The officer withdrew, and returned in half an hour saying that he would conduct the officer in command to the presence of the chief of the besieging force. Captain Doolan, therefore, accompanied by Bathurst and Dr. Wade, went out. They were conducted to the great tent where all the Talookdars and the principal officers of the Sepoys were assembled. Bathurst acted as spokesman.

"Por Sing," he said, "and you Zemindars of Oude, Major Hannay being disabled, Captain Doolan, who is now in command of the garrison, has come to represent him and to offer to surrender to you under the condition that the lives of all British and natives within the walls be respected, and that you pledge us your faith and honor that we shall be permitted to go down the country without molestation. It is to you, Por Sing, and you nobles of Oude, that we surrender, and not to those who, being sworn soldiers, have mutinied against the officers, and have in many cases treacherously murdered them. With such men Major Hannay will have no dealings, and it is to you that we surrender. Major Hannay bids me say that if this offer is refused, we are for a long time prolong our resistance. We are amply supplied with provisions and munitions of war, and many as are the numbers of our assailants who have fallen already, yet more will die before you obtain possession of the house. More than that, in case will we be taken prisoners, for one and all have firmly resolved to fire the magazines when resistance is no longer possible, and to bury ourselves and our assailants in the ruins."

When Bathurst ceased, a hubbub of voices arose, the Sepoy officers protesting that the surrender should be made to them. It was some minutes before anything like quietness was restored, and then one of the officers said, "Here is Rujub, he speaks in the name of Nana. What does he say to this?"

Rujub, who was handsomely attired, stepped forward.

"I have no orders from His Highness on this subject," he said. "He certainly said that the prisoners were to be sent to him, but at present there are no prisoners, nor, if the siege continues and the English carry out their threat, will there be any prisoners. I cannot think that Nana Sahib would wish to see some hundreds more of our countrymen slain or blown up, only that he may have these few men and women in his power."

"We have come here to take them and kill them," one of the officers said defiantly, "and we will do so."

Por Sing, who had been speaking with the Talookdars round him, rose from his seat.

"It seems to me that it is for us to decide this matter," he said. "It is upon us that the losses of this siege have fallen. At the order of Nana Sahib we collected our retainers, abandoned our homes, and have for three weeks supported the dangers of this siege. We follow the Nana but we are not his vassals, nor do we even know what his wishes are in this matter, but it seems to us that we have done enough and more than enough. Numbers of our retainers and kinsmen have fallen, and to prolong the siege would cause greater loss, and what should we gain by it? The possession of a heap of stones. Therefore, we are all of opinion that this offer of surrender should be accepted. We war for the freedom of our country, and have no thirst for the blood of these English Sahibs, still less for their wives and children."

Some of the officers angrily protested, but Por Sing stood firm and the other Talookdars were equally determined. Seeing this the officers consulted together, and the Sepoy in rank then said to the Talookdars, "We protest against these conditions being given, but since you are resolved we stand aside and are ready to agree for ourselves and our men to what you may decide.

"What pledges do you require?" Por Sing asked Bathurst.

"We are content, Rajah, with your personal oath that the lives of all within the house shall be respected, and your undertaking that they shall be allowed to go unharmed down the country. We have absolute faith in the honor of the nobles of Oude and can desire no better guarantee."

"I will give it," Por Sing said, "and all my friends will join me in it. To night I will have my force collected in the river, I will furnish you with an escort of my troops, and will accompany you and see you safely on board. I will then not only give you a safe conduct, praying all to let you pass unharmed, but my son with ten men shall accompany you in the boats to inform all that any honor is concerned in your safety, and that I have given my personal pledge that no molestation shall be offered to you. I will take my oath and my friends will do the same, and I doubt not that the commander of the Sepoy troops will join me in it."

Bathurst translated what had been said to Captain Doolan.

"It is impossible for him to do more than that," he concluded. "I do not think there is the least question as his good faith."

"He is a fine old heathen," Captain Doolan said; "tell him we will accept his terms."

Bathurst at once signified this, and the rajah took a solemn oath to fulfil the conditions of the agreement, the other Talookdars doing the same, and the commander of the Sepoys also doing so without hesitation. Por Sing then promised that some carts should be collected before morning, to carry the ladies, the sick and wounded down to the river, which was eight miles distant.

"You can sleep in quiet to-night," he added, "I will place a guard of my own men round the house, and see that none trouble you in any way."

A few other points were settled and then the party returned to the house, at which they were followed a few minutes later by the son of Por Sing and three lads, sons of other Zemindars. Bathurst went down to meet them when their approach was noticed by the lookout on the roof.

"We have come to place ourselves in your hands as hostages," the young man said. "My father thought it likely that the Sepoys otherwise might make trouble, and he said that if we were in your hands as hostages all our people would see that the agreement must be kept, and would oppose themselves more vigorously to the Sepoys."

"It was thoughtful and kind of your father," Bathurst said. "As far as accommodation is concerned, we can do little to make you comfortable, but in other respects we are not badly provided."

Some of the native servants were at once told off to erect an awning over a portion of the terrace. Tables and couches were placed here, and Bathurst undertook the work of entertaining the visitors.

He was glad of the precaution that had been taken in sending them, for with the glass he could make out that there was much disturbance in the Sepoy lines, and that large groups with much shouting and noise. Muskets were discharged in the direction of the house, and it was evident that the mutineers were very dissatisfied with the decision that had been arrived at.

In a short time, however, a body, some hundred strong, of the Oude fighting men, moved down and surrounded the house, and when a number of the Sepoys approached with excited and menacing gestures, one of the Zemindars went out to meet them, and Bathurst, watching the conference, could see by his pointing to the roof of the house that he was informing them that a guard had been given by the Europeans for the due observance of the treaty, and doubted not he was telling them that their interference would be endangering any moment. Then he pointed to the batteries, as if threatening that if any attack was made the guns would be turned upon them. At any rate, after a time they moved away, and gradually the Sepoys could be seen returning to their lines.

There were but few preparations to be made by the garrison for their journey. It had been settled that they might take their personal effects with them, but it was at once agreed to take as little as possible, as there would probably be but little room in the boats, and the fewer things they carried the less there would be to tempt the cupidity of the native.

"Well, Bathurst, what do you think of the lookout?" the doctor asked, as late in the evening they sat together on some sand bags in corner of the terrace.

"I think that if we get past Cawnpore in safety there is not much to fear. There is no other large place on the river, and the lower we get down the less likely the natives are to disturb us; knowing, as they are almost sure to do, that a force is gathering at Allahabad."

"After what you heard of the massacre of the prisoners at Cawnpore, whom the Nana and his officers had all sworn to allow to depart in safety, there is little hope that this scoundrel will respect the arrangements made here."

"We must pass the place at night, and trust to drifting down unobserved—the river is wide there—and keeping near the opposite shore we may get past in the darkness without being perceived, and even if they do make us out the chances are they will not hit us. There are so few of us that there is no reason why they should trouble greatly about us."

"I can't say, Bathurst, that I don't like the appearance of the major's wound. Everything has been against him; the heat, the close air, and his anxiety of mind, have all told on him. He seems very low, and I have great doubts whether he will ever see Allahabad."

"I hope you are wrong, doctor, but I thought myself there was a change for the worse when I saw him an hour ago; there was a strange look about his face I did not like. He is a splendid fellow; nothing could have been kinder than he has been to me. I wish I could change places with him."

The doctor grunted. "Well, as none of us may see Allahabad, Bathurst, you need not trouble yourself on that score. I wonder what has become of your friend the conjurer. I thought he might have been in to see you this afternoon."

"I did not expect him," Bathurst said. "I expect he went as far as he dared in what he said at the Durbar to-day. Probably he is doing all he can to keep matters quiet, of course he may have gone to Cawnpore to see Nana Sahib, but I should think it more probable that he would remain here until he knows we are safe on board the boats."

"Ah, here is Wilson," said the doctor; "he is a fine young fellow and I am very glad he has come through it safely."

"So am I," Bathurst said warmly. "Here we are, Wilson."

"I thought I would find you both smoking here," Wilson said as he seated himself. "It is awfully hot below and the ladies are all at work picking out the things they are going to take with them and packing them, and it would not be of any use at that, I thought I would come up for a little fresh air, if one can call it fresh, but, in fact, I would rather sit over an open drain, for the stench is horrible. How quiet everything seems to-night! After crowding fire for the last three weeks listening to the boom of their cannon and the rush of their balls overhead, or the crash as they hit something, it seems quite unnatural; one can't help thinking that something is going to happen. I don't believe I shall be able to sleep a wink to-night; while generally, in spite of the row, it has been as much as I could do to keep my eyes open. I suppose I shall get accustomed to it in time. At present it seems too unnatural to enjoy it."

"You had better get a good night's sleep if you can, Wilson," the doctor said. "There won't be much sleep for us in the boats till we see the walls of Allahabad."

"I suppose not, doctor. I expect we shall be horribly cramped up. I long to be there. I am sure I would pay to get the villain, Nana Sahib, within reach of my sword. It makes me to think of the news you brought in, Bathurst, and that there are hundreds of women and children in his power now. What a day it will be when we march into Cawnpore."

"Don't count your chickens too soon, Wilson," the doctor said. "The Sepoys are moving forward to is when we shall have passed Cawnpore on our way down; that is quite enough for me to look forward to at present."

"Yes, I was thinking of that myself," Wilson replied. "If the Nana could not be bound by the oath he had taken himself, he is not likely to respect the agreement made here."

"We must pass the place at night," Bathurst said, "and trust to not being seen. Even if they do make us out we shan't be under fire long unless they follow us down the bank; but if the night is dark they may not make us out at all. Fortunately there is no moon, and boats are not very large marks even in daylight, and at night it would only be a chance shot that would hit us."

"Yes, we should be as difficult to hit as a tiger," the doctor put in.

Wilson laughed.

"I have gained a lot of experience since then, doctor. What sages that seems back. Years almost."

"It does, indeed," the doctor agreed; "we count time by incidents and not by days. Well, I think I shall turn in. Are you coming, Bathurst?"

"No, I could not sleep," Bathurst said; "I shall watch till morning. I feel sure it is all safe, but the mutineers might attempt something."

The night, however, passed off quietly, and soon after daybreak eight bullock carts were seen approaching, with a strong body of Oude men. Half an hour later the boats were packed, and the sick and wounded laid on straw in the wagons. Several of the ladies took their places with them, but Mrs. Doolan, Isobel, and Mary Hunter, said they would walk for a while. It had been arranged that the men might carry out their arms with them, and each of the ten aide to carry a rifle, two rifles, while all, even the women, had pistols about them. Just as they were ready, Por Sing and several of the Zemindars rode up on horseback.

"We shall see you to the boats," he said. "Have you your provision for your journey? It would be better not to stop to buy anything on the way."

This precaution had been taken, and as soon as all was ready they set out, guarded by four hundred Oude match-lock men. The Sepoys had gathered near the house, and as soon as they left it there was a rush made to secure the plunder.

"I should have liked to have emptied the contents of some of my boxes into the river," the doctor growled; "it would not have been strictly professional perhaps, but it would have been a good action."

"I am sure you would not have given them poison, doctor," Wilson laughed, "but a reasonable dose of ipecacuanha might hardly have gone against your conscience."

"My conscience has nothing to do with it," the doctor said. "These fellows came from Cawnpore, and I have no doubt took part in the massacre there. My conscience wouldn't have troubled me if I could have poisoned the whole of the scoundrels or put a slow match in the magazine and blown them all into the air, but under the present conditions it would hardly have been politic, as one couldn't be sure of blowing the whole of them. Well, Miss Hannay, what are you thinking of?"

"I am thinking that my uncle looks worse this morning, doctor. Does it not strike you so too?"

"We must hope that the fresh air will do him good. One could not expect any one to get better in that place; it was enough to kill a healthy man, to say nothing of a sick one."

Isobel was walking by the side of the cart in which her uncle was lying, and it was not long before she took her place beside him.

The doctor shook his head.

"Can you do nothing, doctor?" Bathurst said, in a low tone.

"Nothing; he is weaker this morning, still the change of air may help him and he may have strength to fight through; the wound itself is a serious one, but he would under other circumstances have got over it. As it is, I think his chance a very poor one, though I would not say as much to her."

After three hours' travel they reached the river, where two large native boats were lying by the bank. The baggage and sick were soon placed on board, and the Europeans with the native servants were then divided between them and the R-jah's son and six of the retainers took their places in one of the boats. The doctor and Captain Doolan had made out the list dividing the party. The major and the other sick men were all placed in one boat, and in this were the doctor, Bathurst and four civilians, with Isobel Hannay, Mrs. Hunter, and her daughter. Captain Doolan, his wife, Mrs. Rintoul, and the other three ladies with the six children, who had alone survived, and the rest of the party, were in the other boat.

Por Sing and his companions were thanked heartily for the protection they had given. Bathurst gave them a document which had been signed by all the party, testifying to the service they had rendered.

"If we don't get down to Allahabad," Bathurst said as he handed it to him, "this will ensure you good treatment when the British troops come up. If we get there we will represent your conduct in such a light that I think I can promise you that the part you took in the siege will be forgiven."

Then the boats pushed off and started on their way down the stream.

The distance by water to Cawnpore was over forty miles; it was already eleven o'clock and slow progress only could be made with the heavy boats, but it was thought that they would be safe from pursuit for some daylight began to break next morning, and they therefore pushed on as rapidly as they could, the boatmen being encouraged to make strenuous efforts by the promise of a large reward upon their arrival at Allahabad.

There was but little talk in the boats. Now that the strain was over all felt its effects severely. The doctor attended to his patients; Isobel sat by the side of her uncle, giving him from time to time, or moistening his lips with weak brandy and water. He spoke only occasionally.

"I don't much think I shall get down to Allahabad, Isobel," he said. "If I don't, go down to Calcutta, and go straight to Jamieson & Sons, they are my agents, and they will supply you with money to take you home; they have a copy of my will, my agents in London have another copy. I had two made in case of accident."

"O, uncle, you will get better now you are out of that terrible place."

"I am afraid it is too late, my dear, though I should like to live for your sake. But I think I see happiness before you, if you choose to take it; I hope you will follow in spite of that unfortunate weakness."

Isobel made no answer, but a slight pressure of the hand she was holding showed that she understood what he meant. It was no use to tell her uncle that she felt that what might have been was over now. Bathurst had chatted with her several times on the evening before and during the march that morning, but she felt the difference between his tone and that to which he had addressed her the old times before the troubles began. It was a subtle difference that she could hardly have explained even to herself, but she knew that it was as a friend, and as a friend only that he would treat her in the future, and that the past was a closed book, which he was determined not to reopen.

Bathurst talked to Mrs. Hunter and her daughter, both of whom were mere shadows, worn out with grief, anxiety and watching. At times he went forward to talk to the young noble who had taken his seat there. Both boats had been arched in with canopy of boughs to serve alike as a protection from the sun and to screen those within from the sight of natives in boats or on the banks.

"You don't look yourself, Bathurst," the doctor said to him late in the afternoon. "Everything seems going on well, no boats have passed us, and the boatmen say that we shall pass Cawnpore about one o'clock at the rate at which we are going."

"I feel nervous, doctor; more anxious than I have been ever since the siege; there is an apprehension of danger weighing over me that I can't account for. As you say, everything seems going on well, and I feel that it is not so. I am afraid I am getting superstitious, but I feel as if Rujub knows of some danger impending, and that he is endeavoring to convey that impression to me. I know that there is nothing to be done, and that we are doing the only thing that we can do, unless we were to land and try and make our way down on foot, which would be sheer madness. That the man can in some way impress my mind at a distance is evident from that summons he gave me to meet him at the ruins of my bungalow, but I do not feel the same clear distinct perception of his wishes now as I did then. Perhaps he himself is not aware of the particulars of the danger that threatens, or knowing them, he can see no way of escape out of them. It may be that at night, when everything is quiet, one's mind is more open to such impressions than it is when we are surrounded by other people and have other things to think of, but I have no actual consciousness of danger."

"I don't think there can be any danger until we get down near Cawnpore. They may possibly be on the lookout for us there, and may even have boats out on the stream. It is possible that the Sepoys may have sent down word yesterday afternoon to Nana Sahib that we had surrendered and should be starting by boat this morning, but I don't think there can be any danger till we get there. Should we meet native boats and be stopped, Por Sing's son will be able to induce them to let us pass. Certainly none of the villagers about here would be likely to dispute it. Once beyond Cawnpore, I believe that he would have sufficient influence, speaking as he does, in the name, not only of his father, but of other powerful landowners, to induce any of these Oude people to let us pass. No, I regard Cawnpore as our one danger. I believe it to be a very real danger. I have been thinking, indeed, that it would be a good thing when we get within a couple of miles of the place for all who are able to walk to land on the opposite bank and cross round their way along past Cawnpore and take to the boats again a mile below the town."

"That would be an excellent plan, doctor; but if the boats were stopped and they found the sick, they would kill them to a certainty. I don't think we could leave them. I am quite

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sure Miss Hannay would not leave her uncle."

"I think we might get over even that, Bathurst. There are only the major and the other two men, and Mrs. Forsyth and three children, too ill to walk. There are eight of the native servants, ourselves and the young rajah's retainers. We ought to have no difficulty in carrying the wounded. As to the baggage, that must be sacrificed, so that the box-men can go down with empty benches. It must be pitched overboard. The loss would be of no real consequence; everyone could manage with what they have on until we get to Allahabad. There would be no difficulty in getting what we require there."

"I think the plan an excellent one, doctor. I will ask the young chief if his men will help us to carry the sick. If he says yes, we will go alongside the other boat and explain our plan to Doolan."

The young rajah at once assented, and the boat being rowed up to the other, the plan was explained and approved of. No objection was raised by anyone, even to the proposal of getting rid of all the luggage; and as soon as the matter was arranged, a general disposition towards cheerfulness was manifested. Everyone had felt that the danger of passing Cawnpore would be imminent, and this plan for avoiding it seemed to lift a load from their minds.

It was settled they should land at some spot where the river was bordered by bushes and young trees; that stout poles should be cut and blankets fastened between them so as to form stretchers on which the sick could be carried.

As far as possible the boats were kept on the left side of the river, but at times shallows rendered it necessary to keep over by the right bank. Whenever they were near the shore silence was observed lest the foreign tongue should be noticed by anyone near the bank.

Night fell and they still continued their course. An hour after sunset they were rowing near the right bank—the major had fallen into a sort of doze, and Isobel was sitting near to Bathurst, and they were talking in low tones together, when suddenly there was a hail from the shore, not fifty yards away.

"What boats are those?"

"Fishing boats going down the river," one of the boatmen answered.

"Row alongside, we must examine you."

There was a moment's pause, and then the doctor said in the native language, "Row on, men," and the oars of both boats again dipped into the water.

"We are pressed for time," the young Zemindar shouted, and then, dropping his voice, urged the men to row at the top of their speed.

"Stop, or we fire," came from the shore.

No answer was returned from the boats, they were now nearly opposite the speaker. Then came the word, "Fire." Six cannon loaded with grape were discharged, and a crackle of musketry at the same moment broke out. The shot tore through the boats, killing and disabling many, and bringing down the arbor of boughs upon them.

A terrible cry arose and all was confusion. Most of the rowers were killed, and the boats drifted helplessly amid the storm of rifle bullets.

As the cannon flashed out and the grape swept the boats, Bathurst, with a sharp cry, sprang to his feet and leapt overboard, as did several others from both boats. Diving, he kept under water for some distance, and then swam desperately till he reached shallow water on the other side of the river, and then fell head foremost on the sand. Eight or ten others also gained the shore in a body, and were running towards the bank, when the guns were again fired, and all but three were swept away by the iron hail. A few straggling musket shots were fired, then orders were shouted and the splashing of an oar was heard, as one of the native boatmen rowed a boat towards the shore. Bathurst rose to his feet and ran, stumbling like a drunken man, towards the bushes, and just as he reached them, fell heavily forward and lay there insensible. Three men came out from the bushes and dragged him in. As they did so loud screams arose from the other bank, then half a dozen muskets were fired and all was quiet.

It was not for a quarter of an hour that Bathurst was conscious of what was going on around him. Someone was rubbing his chest and hands.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"Oh, it is you, Bathurst!" he heard Wilson's voice exclaim. "I thought it was you, but it is so dark now we are off that white sand that I could not see. Where are you hit?"

"I don't know," Bathurst said. "I felt a sort of shock as I got out of the water, but I don't know that I am hurt at all."

"Oh, you must be hit somewhere. Try and move your arms and legs."

Bathurst moved.

"No, I don't think I am hit; if I am it is on the head. I feel something warm round the back of my neck."

"By Jove, yes," Wilson said. "Here is where it is; there is a cut all along at the top of your head; the bullet seems to have hit you at the back and gone right along over the top. It can't have gone in or else you would not be able to talk."

"Help me up," Bathurst said, and he was soon on his feet. He felt giddy and confused.

"Whom have you with you?" he asked.

"Two natives. I think one is the young chief and the other is one of his followers."

Bathurst spoke to them in their native language and found that Wilson was not mistaken. As soon as he found that he was understood, the young chief poured off a volley of curses upon those who had attacked them.

Bathurst stopped him. "We shall have time for that afterwards, Murad," he said; "the thing is to see what had best be done. What has been done since I landed, Wilson?"

"Our boat was pretty nearly cut in two," Wilson said, "and was sinking when I jumped over; the other boat has been rowed ashore."

"What did you hear, Wilson?"

"I heard the women scream," Wilson said reluctantly; "and five or six shots were fired. There has been no sound since then."

Bathurst stood silent for a minute.

"I do not think they will have killed the women," he said; "they did not do so at Cawnpore; they will take them there. No doubt they killed the men. Let me think for a moment. Now," he said, after a long pause, "we must be doing. Murad, your father and friends have given their word for the safety of those you took prisoners; that they have been massacred is no fault of your father or of you. This gentleman and myself are the only ones saved, as far as we know. Are you sure that none others came ashore?"

"The others were all killed, we alone remaining," Murad said. "I will go back to my father and he will go to Cawnpore and demand vengeance."

"You can do that afterwards, Murad; the first thing is to fulfil your promise, and I charge you to take this Sahib in safety down to Allahabad. You must push on at once, for they may be sending out from Cawnpore at daylight to search the bushes here to see if any have escaped. You must go on with him to-night as far as you can, and in the morning go into some village, buy native's clothes, and disguise him, and then journey on to Allahabad."

"I will do that," the young Rajah said, "but what about yourself?"

"I shall go into Cawnpore and try to rescue my cousin I have taken. I have a native cloth round me under my other clothes, as I thought it might be necessary for me to land before we got to Cawnpore to see if danger threatened. So I have everything wanting for a disguise about me."

"What are you saying, Bathurst?" Wilson asked.

"I am arranging for Murad and his follower to take you down to Allahabad, Wilson. I shall stop at Cawnpore."

"Stop at Cawnpore! Are you mad, Bathurst!"

A Hybrid.

Uncle Jake—And what do you think of my bull pup!
City Niece—A bull pup! Will he have horns when he grows up, uncle!—*Puck.*

"No, I am not mad. I shall stop to see if any of the ladies have been taken prisoners, and if so try to rescue them. Rajub, the juggler, is there and will help me."

"But if you can stay I can, Bathurst. If Miss Hannay has been made prisoner I would willingly be killed to rescue her."

"I know you would, Wilson, but you would be killed without being able to rescue her, and as I should share your fate you would render her rescue impossible. I can speak the native language perfectly and know native ways. I can move about among them without fear of exciting their suspicion. If you were with me this would be impossible; the first native who addressed you, you would be detected, your presence would add to my difficulties a hundredfold. It is not now a question of fighting. Were it only that I should be delighted to have you with me. As it is, the thing is impossible. If anything is done I must do it alone. If I ever reach Miss Hannay, she shall know that you were ready to run all risks to save her. No, no, you must go on to Allahabad, and if you cannot save her now, you will be with the force that will rescue her, if I should fail to do so, and which will avenge us both if we should arrive too late to rescue her. Now I must get you to bandage my head, for I feel faint with loss of blood. I will take off my shirt and tear it in strips. I have got a native disguise next to the skin. We may as well leave my clothes behind me here."

As soon as Wilson, with the assistance of Murad, had bandaged the wound, the party struck off from the river, and after four hours' walking came down upon it again two miles below Cawnpore. Here Bathurst said he would stop, stain his skin and complete his disguise.

"I hate leaving you," Wilson said in a broken voice. "There are only you and me left of all our party at Deenuugghur. It is awful to think they have all gone—the good old chief, the doctor, and Richards and the ladies. There are only two left. It does seem such a dirty, cowardly thing for me to be making off and leaving you here alone."

"It is not cowardly, Wilson, for I know you would willingly stay if you could be of the slightest use; but, as on the contrary, you would only add to the danger, it must be as I have arranged. Good-bye, lad; don't stay; it has to be done. God bless you! Good-bye, Murad. Tell your father when you see him that I know no shadow of broken faith rests on him."

So saying, he turned and went into a clump of bushes, while Wilson, completely broken down, started on his way down country with the two natives.

(To be Continued.)

His Farm at Barre.

"Why, Enoch Bumpus, how do you do? Who would ever have thought of meeting you here in Boston! Right from Barre, eh! How are all the folks up in the old place?" And a flashily dressed man grasped a hand of a rural visitor and wrung it heartily.

"Everybody was firstrate when I left," stammered Enoch, peering into the face of the stranger. "But, sir, you must excuse me, I don't seem to recollect you."

"What! Don't remember me? Gracious! Have I changed so much that my old friends don't know me? Don't you remember the Blaisdell boys?"

"Oh yes, I recollect the Blaisdell boys. Used to go to school with them. You ain't Tom, that left to come to work in the city, are you?"

"Yes, that's same Tom," was the unhesitating reply.

"You don't look as I remember him when we were boys together."

"Oh, five or six years in a busy city alters the appearance of a country lad I can assure you. But where are you going to stop now you are here?"

"I don't know. I thought of finding some boarding-house."

"Do nothing of the kind. You shall be my guest while in Boston. I have a suite of apartments only a short distance from the depot here. Come with me. I shall be only too happy to entertain an old friend and neighbor."

Enoch felt pleased, nay, more, flattered at the cordial welcome extended to him by the young man, and he accepted the proffered hospitality without further hesitation.

From the railway station the individual who had called himself Tom Blaisdell, led the way through the busy, bustling thoroughfares, which presented a novel scene to the country youth, until he paused before the entrance of a house on Howard street.

During this short walk, which did not occupy more than ten minutes, the stranger's tongue ran on glibly.

He expatiated on the pleasures of the city, the ease with which money was made and the refined society to be met with.

"Why," he remarked, as he inserted his latchkey in the lock of the door, "my business does not require more than three hours a day of my time, while my salary is a little better than twenty-five hundred dollars a year. What do you think of that?"

"I should call it very fine," replied Enoch thoughtfully. "But what is your occupation?"

"Oh, I'll show you ere long. Come to my rooms and take a little rest and a glass of wine. You must be tired after that tedious journey in the cars."

Not pausing for a reply, the city chap hurried up a flight of richly carpeted stairs, the padding of which was so soft and thick that it gave out no sound to the tread, and on reaching the first landing Blaisdell unlocked a door to the right and ushered his guest into a gorgeously appointed apartment.

In the middle of the room stood a round table, the top of which was covered with green cloth, not loosely laid over the piece of furniture, but drawn smoothly across the surface and glued down, while a band perhaps two inches wide, of polished mahogany, encircled the edge, while about the apartment were a number of comfortable looking chairs, upholstered in green plush.

"This is my parlor or sitting-room," remarked the host, "while here is where I sleep," and the man lifted a heavy portiere, disclosing a bed covered with a snow-white counterpane and lace-trimmed pillow shams.

"Rather nice quarters, don't you think?" he asked complacently.

"I should say they were," returned Enoch, for he had never seen anything approaching to it before.

"I am glad you are pleased, and what is more, you must consider them at your disposal during your stay in town. But come, join me in a glass of wine," and Blaisdell stepped to a sideboard on which were several decanters containing varied colored liquors.

Selecting one, the man poured out two glasses full.

"I don't think, Thomas, that I'd better touch any of that stuff. I never tasted anything in the shape of liquor, but cider, in my life, and I'm afraid it won't agree with me."

"Nonsense, this is only sherry, and isn't half as strong as some of that old cider which I know you have got stored away in the barn on your farm at Barre! Here, take it; it will do you good."

Enoch, like many another well meaning yet inexperienced youth before him, allowed himself to be persuaded, and taking the glass from his new found friend (!) placed it to his lips and drained its contents to the bottom.

"Not so bad, eh!" asked Blaisdell, smiling patronizingly upon his companion.

"It certainly tastes very nice," admitted young Bumpus. "But I don't think I shall want any more of it."

"Well, you can take it or let it alone, just as you please. That is a privilege we all have. Come, sit down and tell me all the news from the country."

At this the wolf and the lamb seated themselves one on each side of the round table, and soon Enoch found himself talking with great freedom, recounting all the incidents which had happened in his village for several years past.

The wine had loosened his tongue, he felt exhilarated, and he began to congratulate himself upon the good fortune of so unexpectedly encountering a genial companion.

In the midst of the conversation the silvery tones of a little bell were heard, and the host rising said:

"Excuse me a moment, Enoch, I have a caller," and he stepped to the door.

Opening it, he ushered in a brisk, business-like gentleman, who, with hat in hand, accepted the chair that was offered him.

"You'll pardon me, Mr. Blaisdell," began the new comer, "for coming at this time, but I have a large note to meet, and was in hopes that you would be able to fix up that little bill—I see you have company"—apparently observing Enoch for the first time. "I'll drop in again later."

"No, no; don't go. This is an old friend of mine; Mr. Bumpus from Barre, Mr. Sharpman."

Enoch arose and extended his hand to the new comer, but was somewhat disconcerted to find that he was quite unsteady on his legs, and was glad to settle himself quickly in the arm-chair.

"No, no," resumed Blaisdell, "I am glad that you came as you did, for such trivial affairs as this should not be allowed to hang fire. Let me see, how much is it?"

"Only two hundred and fifty dollars."

"Oh, we'll soon fix that," answered Blaisdell as he took from his pocket a handsome Russian leathern book, with the edges of several bank notes, or what purported to be such, protruding from the end.

These he looked over hurriedly, and selecting one drew it forth, saying carelessly—

"The smallest I have got is a fiver. Can you change it?"

"I'm afraid I can't. I have only a little over two hundred dollars with me," was the answer.

"We'll, I'll see what I can do," returned Blaisdell, throwing the five hundred dollar bill on the table, and going toward a small safe that stood in one corner of the room, he opened it. Then, pausing as though a sudden thought had struck him, he said,—

"O, Enoch, you don't happen to have a couple of hundred dollars with you, do you? I've got a little over fifty. We'll go out by and by, break this bill, and I will pay you back."

"I've got just about one hundred and twenty," replied the verdant youth.

"Well, let me see, maybe I can squeeze it out with that," went on Blaisdell.

"No," he at length remarked, "unless you can change that five"—to his creditor—"or get money with two hundred until this evening."

"Oh, well," returned Sharpman, "I can make that do, and some time to-morrow you can send me the fifty when we meet on 'Change."

"All right. Then give me credit for the two and here's your money," said Blaisdell.

The little business transaction ended, the two acquaintances found themselves again alone.

"Here, Enoch, you might take that five hundred dollar bill and keep it till we go out, so that you will be quite sure of receiving your money back."

"Oh, no," answered Bumpus, endeavoring to assume an air of unconcern. "I can trust you with one hundred and twenty dollars as well as you can me with a much larger sum."

"Oh, well, suit yourself. Come, another glass of sherry and then we'll prepare for a stroll. It's almost evening."

A little later the two men were upon the street. The gas jets were being lighted in the windows of the stores, and as they reached the corner of Court and Howard streets the brilliant glare of the electrics burst forth with dazzling brilliancy.

Suddenly his companion stopped and grasped the hand of a man who had approached them. The stranger's conversation he turned to Enoch and said:

"Just step into this doorway and wait for me a little while. I have some business with this gentleman."

The young farmer did as requested, but his wait was long.

The minutes crept by, and an hour passed, but though the crowd in the streets did not lessen, still his supposed friend did not put in an appearance.

A length poor Enoch began to grow drowsy and his knees trembled beneath him, so he seated himself upon the stone step and soon lost consciousness.

How long he remained in this condition he knew not, until he was rudely awakened by a firm clutch on the collar of his coat, and a strong arm jerked him quickly to his feet.

"Hullos, young fellow, what are you doing here?" demanded a gruff voice.

Looking up in a dazed sort of a manner, Enoch was horrified to see that he was in custody of a police officer.

"I was waiting for Thomas Blaisdell; he lives right here in the neighborhood. Perhaps you know him," stammered Bumpus.

"No, I don't know any Thomas Blaisdell," was the reply. "But if you've got any waiting to do the place for you to do it is at the station house. You are too drunk to be lying round the street this way."

Drunk! Oh, horror! What a word! The poor fellow was struck aghast at the charge and appeared much more helpless than he really was.

He had but an indistinct recollection of the journey to the lockup, as he termed it, but he could clearly recall a pleasant-faced gentleman who sat at the desk and plied him with questions. To all of these Bumpus replied in a straightforward manner.

"Ah! another case of bunco," he heard the man say in a compassionate voice; but what the word meant he had not the faintest idea.

"You say you live at Barre?" questioned the officer.

"Yes, sir, on my own farm at Barre!"

"Well, we won't commit you this time. But you'll have to stay here until morning. You'll be safe. Then take my advice; go home at once to the old farm and never think of the city again."

"Young man," began the lieutenant, "how much money have you got about you?"

"Nearly six dollars," was the reply.

"Then you take that six dollars and head for Barre on the first train, and never mind what I will try to find the man that worked you out of your money."

"Mister," stammered Enoch, "I wish that you would not arrest Thomas for what he has done to me," stammered Bumpus. "He has taught me a lesson that I shall never forget, and one that I should be willing to pay for."

"Well, you take the matter very easy," remarked the officer, "but however, we will try to find this Blaisdell and put him into cover; now I will send a man with you to a good place where you can sleep to-night," and so saying the officer took a bunch of keys from a nail, and giving them to a policeman, said, "Put him in twenty-one."

Enoch was conducted to a cell, the first that he had ever seen, let alone occupied.

Little sleep visited his pillow that night, and when morning came and the door of his prison was thrown open, Enoch Bumpus hurried to the depot and took the first train home.

He never told of his exploit in Boston, but it was reason to him, and now he is contented to live the life that was designed for him on his farm at Barre.

An Accommodating Valet.

Strawber—I think I should tell you, old man, that I am very sure your valet had your dress-suit on the other night while you were away.

Singerly—He did, and it was all right. His looked better than mine and I changed with him.

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"So! What is Ikey doin'?"

"Ikey ish now in de under-hand-clothing peesness."

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At the Tennis Tournament.

Mrs. Charles Rivers—I declare, Mr. Bunkerhill has won three sets in succession!

Willie Rivers (at her side)—Mamma, what does "in succession" mean?

Mrs. Charles Rivers (horrified)—Why "consecutively," of course!

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EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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The Village Critic.

LIVING in the country has some great drawbacks, I am thoroughly convinced of that. One's neighbors always consider that whatever you may happen to possess belongs to them. If you have a plot of grass in front of your door they consider they haven't done their duty unless they drive their cows on it. They labor under the impression that you plant your strawberries and peas for the special benefit of their hens. They stand with a serene smile and watch their big Newfoundland dog sit down on the ferns you have just taken all the pains in the world to plant. Ah, me! ah, me! it is tough in the country!

. . . . . .

Have you ever seen the theological student trying to be a parson? If you haven't, you should. Our rector has been away for three months and we have had a student. I think the young man has been in college about six months. I am not quite sure how long, but at all events long enough to acquire a vast amount of knowledge. The student I speak of is very particular about his dress, anything at all unclerical looking won't do for him; he wouldn't wear a colored tie for the world—that wouldn't look well, you know. I asked this particular young man to dance with me one evening and he replied that he would like very much to do so, but it didn't look well in one of his position to be too gay. My brother made the emphatic remark that he was an "awful ass." Why these college students choose to make such consummate asses of themselves I cannot see. You look shocked and say I put things very strongly. Well, perhaps I do; but tell me, is it not ridiculous to see a beardless boy rushing around giving men and women godly advice, running about in a frantic manner from house to house and having prayer, doing multitudes of other things too numerous to mention and equally as absurd and out of place? One would think they knew it all and had nothing more to learn. I tell you, if those old men who have been in the ministry thirty years knew half as much as these young sprouts think they could teach them, our clergy would have knowledge surpassing the wisdom of Solomon.

. . . . . .

Another animal we are blessed with is the sporting youth from the city. He came to fish in the most fearful and wonderful costume. His pantaloons are white, his shirt half red and half yellow, his blazer and cap red and yellow stripes. He informed me that his costume might appear odd to me, but it was considered very good taste in the city. He said gentlemen all wore them in the city and wore them everywhere. I said they would be nice and cool in church. He said: "Oh, we don't wear them in church, you know; we always wear black there, you know. Of course Toronto is a vast place; for miles and miles there is nothing but grand buildings, you know. You can have no idea what the churches are like; you think your church pretty, but it wouldn't be noticed in the city, you know. You ought to come up to Toronto some time, but when you come be very careful not to lose yourself in the city, you know." I told him I would be careful when I came to that wonderful place. I was born and brought up in Toronto, but I didn't say so.

. . . . . .

The parties we have here are very select—very much so indeed. You have no idea how genteel we are unless you see us. We flirt, dance and eat in the most genteel way. We don't allow every rag-tag and bobtail into our "set," mind you. We take all the pains in the world to find out the parentage and circumstances of the new clerk in the butcher shop before we give him the honor of an invitation to one of our little dances. After he is once "taken up" we don't allow him to flirt with girls out of our class. If he persists in doing so we "cut" him, and that makes him feel very bad. See what it is to be influential society people.

AILEEN.

Be Just to a Genius.

I MUST have afforded deep satisfaction to every reader of SATURDAY NIGHT, who has studied the life of Edgar Allan Poe faithfully and impartially, to read the article under the above title in a recent number. It did to me personally, and I cannot refrain from emphasizing the remark, that never was a defenceless dead man more cruelly maligned than Edgar Poe. Whenever I think of him, I feel that I have a duty to perform in helping, as far as I am able, to dispel the entirely erroneous ideas that prevail as to Poe's life and character. Whenever I think of Griswold, his base traducer, the man to whom we owe only the scorn due to an anonymous falsifier, I feel like fighting with somebody or something. I will consider it a special favor to myself and an act of justice to the memory of a slandered man, if you will but give me space to state that in the "Franklin" edition of Poe's Poems (New York: Worthington Co., 1887), admirers of the poet's works will find a defence of Poe by those who were most intimately associated with him in life, so strong, so masterly, so conclusive, as to be utterly unanswerable. To those who have read but the darker accounts of his life, I can only say, "Now, hear the other side."

Owen Sound, July 24th. JAS. A. TUCKER.

O'Connor and Hanlan in their New Boat.

The New Boy.

"HOPKINS, minor! Stop talking."

The speaker did not look at Hopkins, minor; he had heard his shrill voice and had mechanically enforced silence; it was his duty, for he was a "classical" master in a large preparatory school in the South of England. Hopkins, minor, continued his Latin exercise and his conversation at intervals, and the master sat at his desk, his head bent forward with a Bradley's Latin composition lying open in front of him. Upon the open pages of the book there was a picture, and Bradley's Latin composition, "as every school boy knows," is not illustrated. The boys studied their exercises in a desultory fashion, and the master gazed at a photograph with genuine enthusiasm. It was unpardonable laxity of duty—but then it was a girl's photograph, a very pretty girl in a white dress with a tennis racquet in her hand. It had a worn appearance, this photograph; its corners were dulled and even a little dog-eared, it looked as if it might have been carried about in a man's pocket for years. Perhaps it had. The master also was somewhat the worse for wear; he was not old—at forty even schoolmasters are young—but he had in his face that look of care which is not to be confounded with resignation, and which comes to some men and women faster even than gray hairs. His clothes, too, were undeniably seedy; perhaps this was the reason that Hopkins, minor, continued to talk; it is difficult for a shabby man to enforce discipline even *in loco magistri*. A footman would have hesitated to call him "sir;" he would have preferred "mister," but a gentleman would have detected his equal at a glance. His boots were in holes but his linen and his hands were very white. For the rest, he was without doubt one of those miserables whom Wilkie Collins would have classed amongst the "fallen leaves." He was teaching in the school for £50 a year and had a taste for brandy and water; his fellow teachers received larger salaries and had no such compromising tastes. All this explains much, but it does not explain all; perhaps the photograph had something to do with it.

"Life is a strange thing," lisps the little, fat, comfortable man over his counter or his mahogany, but it is the *pauvre diable* who has been through it all who expresses no surprise but takes his little glimpses of sunshine when he can.

"What's Half-pint up to now?" whispered Tompkins, minor, to a tall, sallow youth who was busily engaged in inking his fingers. "Half-pint" was the pet name which some of the boys had given to Mr. Jones; his weakness was such an open secret that had not his services at the salary been well nigh invaluable, Mr. Pilldash, the headmaster, would have dismissed him long ago.

"Blowed if I know," replied Smithers, the sallow youth with the inky fingers. "He's looking at something," he continued, watching the master closely, "and he generally snoozes the last half hour. Midwinter (turning to a good-looking boy of not more than thirteen) please lend me your exercise."

Midwinter passed it with a certain look of contempt which sat oddly enough on his boyish features. Smithers and Tompkins commenced copying diligently and there was a brief silence in their part of the room.

"Hang it," exclaimed Smithers presently, in an undertone, "I believe it's a photo. I'll go up and ask him a question and get a look at it!"

Hopkins, minor, gave his cordial assent to this heroic proposition and Smithers rose from his place and walked over to the master's desk. The latter saw him coming; the photograph fell face downward upon the book and its owner, recalled from the world of dreams into the dull routine of his daily life, leaned wearily back in his chair observing his lanky pupil with a certain dull curiosity.

"Please, sir," began Smithers in an apologetic tone, "we were within a little of being killed, sir; should I put *quin* or *quominus?*"

The master's eyes were closed. What was the miserable boy talking about? He was thinking of something so very different.

Smithers looked at Mr. Jones—now was his chance. The master opened his eyes and saw his beloved photograph turned towards him with the unmistakable marks of inky fingers right across it.

Mr. Jones swore a terrible oath, but it was in a French patois, which Smithers could not understand. What he did understand was a blow hard and straight, full between the eyes, which stretched him on the floor flat on his back. Fourteen boys looked on with animation, and young Midwinter, who understood what had happened through the misplaced confidence of Tompkins, minor, exclaimed quite audibly, "serve him right." Midwinter was leaving for Eton at the end of the term, and was already acquiring certain ideas of "good form" altogether above the capacity of Smithers and Tompkins, minor.

Just as Smithers had settled down upon the floor the door opened, and Mr. Pilldash appeared in person. Smithers saw him come in and, after the manner of Falstaff but from more subtile motives, lay like one dead.

"Mr. Jones, what is the meaning of this? Have the goodness to explain, sir, at once. Is it you who have been ill-treating this child?' Smithers, by the by, was nearly seventeen and tall for his age.

"I knocked the insolent scoundrel down, if that's what you mean."

"Sir, your conduct is—er—a—" he stopped abruptly. His subordinate looked at this moment quite capable of placing him upon the top of his fallen pupil.

At this juncture a servant entered with a tray upon which lay a visiting card.

"Thornton," exclaimed Mr. Pilldash, and then with infinite relish and ignoring the Christian name, "Sir Langton," the head master went to receive his visitor without noticing the curious change that had taken place in his employee.

The master's anger had died away and some of his pupils noticed that his face looked strangely white and haggard. At twelve the boys left the room and Mr. Jones sat alone at his desk looking straight before him, but apparently without seeing anything except those reflections which are the product of the mind. Presently the door opened and a middle-aged man with a kind, earnest face entered the room.

"Well, Jones," he exclaimed, "all alone in here? You haven't heard the news. Mr. Pilldash has given us all a half-holiday at the request of the new boy's father, I forget his name, a baronet I believe."

Mr. Jones started from his reverie. "Phillips," he said slowly, looking the other full in the face, "you know more about me than anyone in the world, including my own brother. Phillips, that man's name is Thornton, the same as my own, and he is my first cousin."

Mr. Phillips restrained any surprise he may have naturally felt. "What a curious fellow you are, Thornton," he exclaimed, his eyes falling inadvertently on the blotted photograph. "Why do you not write to your people?"

"It is a long story, but I will tell it in a few words," replied the other, with a certain dreamy sadness in his tones.

"This lady," laying his hand upon the photograph, "is my sister-in-law. My younger brother and I were rivals, and I afterwards went to the dence. In '70, ten years ago, I was a corporal in a regiment of French cuirassiers. I was wounded at Worth and while I lay in the ambulance I scrawled on a piece of paper a few words telling my brother that I was on the point of death. I did not die, however, and the letter still lay there beside me and then a thought struck me. I asked a comrade, wounded like myself, to add these simple words underneath, "*Vous avez tué mort.*" I myself had given the name of the regiment in which I served, and to complete the deception I enclosed a photograph of myself in the French uniform, which my comrade forwarded to my brother with the letter some little time afterwards. From that day to this I have been to all intents and purposes a dead man to my family and to her.

"Is this boy your cousin's only son?" enquired Mr. Phillips.

"I can not tell you. I did not even know that he was married. You know I rarely read the papers—he used to be extremely delicate," he added, half to himself.

The bell rang for dinner, and the two masters took their places at the head of different tables. Mr. Pilldash was a little late to-day, and it was Mr. Phillips who recited the Latin grace. In a few minutes, however, the head master made his appearance with a tall man, who wore an eye-glass, and a small boy dressed in an Eton jacket. Mr. Jones started like one thunderstruck. "My brother!" he exclaimed between his teeth; "my brother!" There could be no doubt of it, the ex-corporal and the present usher had the eye of a hawk, and that tall, solemn figure in the frock coat was his own brother. Somehow he never felt so shabby before. He pushed away his soup and fixed his eyes on the boy. "My God!" he thought, "he is the image of his mother," and then the thought flashed through his mind that he himself was at this moment a baronet with £5,000 a year. Involuntarily he looked at his books, "and they call me Half-pint," he said to himself, as he glanced once more at the commanding figure with the eye glass. "Yes, with pleasure, Sir Langton, if you really wish it, of course. I will introduce you to all the masters, that is—er—them to you."

Mr. Jones could hear Mr. Pilldash's voice above the clatter of knives and forks, but his brother's remarks were quite inaudible.

"Oh, that one there! Well, Sir Langton, I'm almost ashamed to say it, but Mr. Jones is—er—hardly a gentleman. Well educated of course, Oxford man, strong on Latin verse, but hardly, I repeat, Sir Langton, hardly what you and I would call a gentleman."

"He's talking of me, the beast," muttered Mr. Jones between his teeth, and then an overpowering impulse to declare his real personality took possession of him. "How Pilldash will cringe to me!" he thought, as he left the room, determined to assume the title, which he now learned for the first time was his own. He went into a small class room and sat down to think it all over. The boys were hurrying on all sides to the cricket-field, and the huge house was soon deserted on this glorious summer day. The master sat there brooding, a strange mixture of triumph and regret in his eyes, but no gladness. "I will do it," he said aloud, as he opened the door which led into the big school-room. In this large deserted room there was one small boy not in flannels like the rest, but in an Eton jacket and carrying a "topper" in his hand. The child, for he was only nine years old, was examining his new surroundings with interest. Suddenly he caught sight of the master.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you," he exclaimed amiably; "it is so lonely here and father told me to wait. Oh, but you are a master and I must call you sir." These last words though still friendly were by no means so cheerful as the first.

"You need never call me sir," said the master very softly.

"I think I shall like you," said the boy, looking at him critically, "you are like a photograph at home—a photograph of a soldier who was killed in battle."

"An English soldier?" asked Mr. Jones huskily.

"No, a French soldier. And yet he is my uncle," replied the boy in a puzzled tone.

"Does your father, does your mother, ever speak of this French soldier?"

"Father does not speak of him, but mother does; do you know, I think that mother loves him! She looks at him sometimes for hours when she and I are alone together." The boy looked up hurriedly and stared at the master.

"Do you know," he exclaimed, "I thought you were crying when you put your hand up to your face that time. But of course it's babyish to cry, and you're a master."

"I thought, I always thought, she liked me best; it was her father—they all considered me good for nothing, and, by Jove, they were right!" Mr. Jones said this to himself, and then to the small boy's surprise he stooped down and kissed his forehead, slipping by way of apology for such an extraordinary proceeding one of his very few half sovereigns into his nephew's hand.

Mr. Jones is getting old now, but he is still with Mr. Pilldash and constantly hears from his pupil and nephew, who is a blooming young freshman at Oxford.

ENFANT PERDU.

The Point of View.

She (Chicagoian)—Do you admire Kipling?
He—No; he abused America.
She—I am enthusiastic over him.
He—After all he said about Chicago?
She—Yes; for you see he seemed to think Chicago was America.

"Nuff Sed."

Peddler—I'd like to sell you a bottle of prepared glue.

Mr. Haven Hartford—I have no use for it.

Peddler—But this is the kind that the railroad companies use to glue down the car windows with.

Mr. Haven Hartford—How much is it? I'll take a dozen bottles!

The Tragedy.

For Saturday Night.

Now rolls the river gleaming white,
In dancing rays of vivid light;
The restless waters hiss and foam,
Then dash away with thunder tone;
While all the crested waves unite,
To swell the torrent's awful might.
In calm content the lovers float,
Nor heed the drifting of their boat,
'Till fast and faster glides the shore,
And loud is heard the surging roar,
While far beyond them, white with foam,
The frowning rocks will mark their tomb.
Pale horror fills her tearful eye,
As faster still they onward fly;
The dizzy speed unnerves his hand—
He makes his arm a twining band,
And kneeling in their tiny shell,
They scan the rapids' awful hell.
A moment ere they reach the crest
That mars the river's shining breast,
The craft serenely moves along,
Nor seems to feel the current strong;
'Till with a last convulsive leap,
It dashes down the watery steep.
A piercing scream a moment rings,
Alas! their shout no succor brings:
The dreary echo lingers near,
The spirit of a deadly fear;
While all the sounding waves reply
In one long cheerless moaning cry.

B. KELLY.

Sweet Brier.

For Saturday Night.

'Twas just like her to do it!
She set my heart on fire;
And when I begged a rose of her,
She gave me a sweet-brier.

It rests upon my bosom,
And there it finds catches,
I placed it in my button-hole,
With many pricks and scratches.

Its sweetness steals my senses,
Like her who gave it to me;
And seems to say with smiling lips,
Why don't you come and woo me?

Like her, it breathes of beauty;
Like her, torments and scratches;
Like her, it soothes my saddened soul,
As she with songs in matches.

She's sweet, as sweet can be;
But when I come aneigh her
She's hedged about with thorns that prick
And scratch like this sweet-brier.

CLARA H. MOUNTCASTLE (Carls Sima).

A Midsummer Night.

For Saturday Night.

Red-wrapt in dusty robes, faded and dim,
Wroth and dreary with the march of day,
Longing to hide her flush'd face from the sun,
Halts the hot earth upon her dreary way;
'Till darkness downward stoops, perfum'd and rare
With the soft breath of distant, flower-fill'd spheres;
And whispers slumberous words and does not spare
To lavish love's soft kiss and pity's scarce-felt tears.
Then with a sigh—like some dear childish face
That, sobbing, sinks asleep on mother's breast—
Earth glides and droops into night's soft embrace,
And tired, ah so tired! sinks to rest.
O night! which giveth cool and soothing sleep,
To thy kind arms all mortals fain would flee!
Gasping and grim'd, with prayers for slumbers deep,
The earth now lifts her feverish hands to thee!

JAS. A. TUCKER.

To a Half-blown Water Lily.

For Saturday Night.

Pride of my heart dost whisper to me,
A secret of wealth from Huron's sea;
Op'ning from out thy leaves of white,
A heart of gold, so pure and so bright,
I stand enthrall'd at thy beauty rare
And feel that Genius lies hidden there,
And bids me paint with the muse's pen
The glory thy beauty gives all men,
And waits to me in my humble room,
Fortune as sunlight, and fame in bloom;
And may the hand of the friend that gave
To me this tribute from Maitland's wave,
Be fill'd with strength and power to live,
And to the world thy example give;
To keep his heart free from earth's drone,
And gain a crown thro' Christ's dear cross.

Goderich. ELGIE A. SKIMINGS.

Old Times.

There are no days like the good old days—
The days when we were youthful;
When human kind was pure in mind
And speech and deeds were truthful;
Before a love for sordid gold
Became man's ruling passion,
And before each dame and maid became
Slave to the tyrant fashion!

There are no girls like the good old girls—
Against the world I'd stake 'em!
As buxom and smart and clean of heart
As the Lord knew how to make 'em!
They were rich in spirit and common sense,
And piety all supporting;
They could bake and brew, and had taught school, too,
And they made the likeliest courting!

There are no boys like the good old boys—
When we were boys together;
When the grass was sweet to the brown bare feet
That dimpled the laughing heather;
When the pewee sang to the morning dawn
Or the bee in the billowy clover,
Or down by the mill the whip-poor-will
Echoed his night song over.

There is no love like the good old love—
The love that mother gave us;
We are old, old man, yet we pine again
For that precious grace—Give save us!
So we dream and dream of the good old times;
And our hearts grow tenderer, fonder,
As those dear old dreams bring soothing gleams
Of heaven 'way off yonder.

EUGENE FIELD.

Our Times.

For Saturday Night.

There are days as good as the old days,
In these we now are living,
And human kind is as pure of mind,
And hearts their wealth are giving,
As in the days when man's brute passions,
Uncurbed by education,
Brought woe and strife into each life,
A name to a nation.

There are girls as good as the old girls—
I know it—for I've got one,
She's as little and smart and pure in heart,
My pater lived, so—not one.
She's rich in love and common sense,
And plenty pious feeling,
She can cook and bake the sliest cake,
To her in love I'm kneeling.

There are boys just like the good old boys,
They're living in manly duty,
And the woods ring clear with their hearty cheer,
They're wandering in healthy ways.
And the whip-poor-will sings at evening still,
And the bee sips sweets in the clover,
While the old bristle cow is down by the mow
Chewing the same cud over.

There is love as true as the old love,
The love our mother has given,
We are strong young men and again and again
Give thanks for that gracious heaven.
And we live and we sing and our energies bring
To finish the work we've begun,
That when we grow old our hearts may not hold
Regrets for the days that are gone.

Toronto. WM. H. SUTLER.

Between You and Me.

ONE of the penalties of having a real good roving time, is the telling about it to those who stayed at home. One must be prepared for criticism, lack of interest, temptations to bore the world with the doings of the Unit, upbraidings because one did not do this or that, go here or there, see which or t' other. This, and more, oppresses me, dear readers mine, as I sit thinking back, and wondering what I have met or seen or heard in Ireland that is worth your hearing.

*

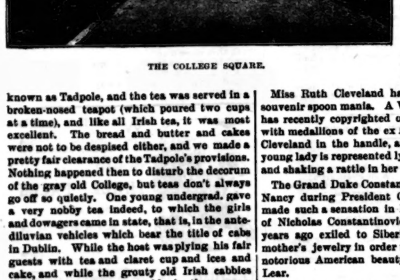
Dear, dirty Dublin, with its holiday clothes on, for its collegiate celebration (that only happens, like the blossoming of a century plant, once in a hundred years), was good for many more days of enjoyment than I took out of it. And it isn't so dirty after all, either, with its good shops, and broad streets, and green squares. Even in the last ten years, I can see a large difference for the better and more beautiful in "the heart of Ireland." They were struggling with the electric light while I was there, and no doubt they'll have the trolley cars in another decade. They do have the two-story street cars which are my special weakness; I love to sit high and airy and take in everything. I only used them stingily this time though, for it was pleasanter and quicker to go into town on the little Ragian wheel, and there was a charmingly central Cycle depot, presided over by an angelic-tempered man, in whose care the wheel reposed as safely as in the shadows of the sanctum portals here at home.

*

There used to be a small parcel on the luggage carrier, which was unstrapped and handed over to me, whereupon I disappeared into a tiny dark place which was generally encumbered with invalid bicycles, and where I undid the parcel and produced a long-tailed dress skirt, in which I looked much more dignified than in the curtailed bicycle dress of five minutes before. This was a special joke between the good-natured gentleman and myself, and was a weak-kneed bit of consideration for appearances which I blush to mention. However, fortified by the consciousness that I could a tall unfold, I rode in daily, and afterwards made the rounds of shop, bank or college, quite *a la mode*, in a blouse and a dragling gown.

*

We had tea in College—"College," you must know, is the heart of Dublin, as Dublin is the heart of Ireland. It stands square and flat and long behind its iron fence, and Burke and Goldsmith flank the entrance way on either side. You pass through a deep archway, where is a cosy porter's lodge, and over which the unbroken facade of College stretches, and you emerge into the quadrangle, round which are the solid blocks of residences, broken by chapel, library, dining hall and other academic buildings. The handsome campanile, built over a sort of Roman arch, stands in this square, and from its carved and fretted canopy rings out the great bell, calling hapless ducks to be plucked in the examination hall. We had tea with a bishop's son, familiarly



THE COLLEGE SQUARE.

known as Tadpole, and the tea was served in a broken-nosed teapot (which poured two cups at a time), and like all Irish tea, it was most excellent. The bread and butter and cakes were not to be despised either, and we made a pretty fair clearance of the Tadpole's provisions. Nothing happened then to disturb the decorum of the gray old College, but teas don't always go off so quietly. One young undergrad. gave a very nobby tea indeed, to which the girls and dowagers came in state, that is, in the antediluvian vehicles which bear the title of cabs in Dublin. While the host was plying his fair guests with tea and claret cup and ices and cake, and while the grouty old Irish cabbies snoozed in the hot sun, suddenly there was a rush from one of the boarding houses, of a multitude of larky students, who promptly bundled the expostulating cabbies into the vehicles, and, some without and some within, on the roof or wherever there was room for them, they set out on a mad race round the square. Even the slow old horses entered into the fun and pranced along until, of course, there was a collision, a babel of swear words, shouts of laughter, sprawling horses and wrecked cabs, and then, the "J. D." (which is being interpreted the Junior Dean) and then, in Casabiancan rhyme one might ask, "The boys, oh where were they?" Vanished as if by magic, and no one ever identified one of them.

*

College was much *en evidence* this merry month of July, on account of its Tercentenary, its three hundredth birthday, and right well did its friends rally round it. Queen Elizabeth and Queen Victoria jostled each other on programmes and medallions, and many a quaint and gaily robed professor from lands far away strayed round the quadrangle, sat uncertainly on the perfidious jaunting car, or stammered fractured English with some sweet-toned Dublin hostess.

*

Of all places on earth for a stranger to have a jolly visit, Dublin is the grandest—the people's hearty kindness, the hotels, good and cosy, the streets easily located, the drives and excursions in every direction full of beauty and interest. And the throngs of visitors who came over land and sea to congratulate dear old Trinity on her birthday seemed thoroughly to appreciate the situation. There were garden parties in the Provost's Garden, at the Vice-Regal Lodge, and at the Royal Hospital, in which she we'l known Wco'sley holds away, lords and ladies strayed from tooth to hoky de'il, bands played, gorgeous professors in flowing silken robes of frantic colors floated brilliantly about; here Lord Rosse, in his chancellor's gown of magnificent black brocaded satin trailing its gold braided lengths in reckless *abandon* over the damp grass; there a snowy brocade, faced with deep rose-color, a doctor of music's property; further a salmon, a sky blue, a grass green, an orange and black, a scarlet and pink, they sailed like wonderful parroquets to and fro; Henry Irving, mouthing and peering; Sir Frederick Leighton, that beautiful old man, with his refined face and snowy hair; "One-eyed Dufferin," as bright and lovable as ever; a gentle-faced and smiling old man, who had a kind word for scores of noble folk, and whose dear old face I liked to look at, the Primate of all Ireland; here a Heidelberger, in white breeches and long boots, velvet jacket and feathered cap, with a sword hilt like a young market basket, and a face seamed like a crazy quilt; there a Hungarian, tall, graceful, clad tightly in black velvet with a single brown eagle plume set in his cap and his gauntletted hand on a dainty court sword; doctors from Switzerland and Bologna and Paris and Vienna and Berlin and St. Petersburg, men old and white and feeble, with keen eyes and clever faces—it was a sight to dream over in days to come, this gathering of birth and brains and *bonhommie*. And as to the women, cast in the shade though they were by the gorgeous professors, I cannot quite tell you how they impressed me, with their sweet, eager words and their hearty, happy faces and their look of bounding health and strength. I looked in vain for a skinny sallow woman, for a narrow-chested, stooping girl. Great Hebe! but they were a wholesome, healthy, bright, bonnie lot! Some had wonderful gowns, fitting the trimly busked figures and tightly braced waists in a very un-Jenness-Miller-like fashion. But all said and done, my friends, I think a Dublin garden of girls can hold its own, and perhaps a little more, against any nation under heaven.

LADY GAY.

Individualities.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger (Julien Gordon) is not a believer in her own sex. She has told Kate Field that she thinks that "men do everything better than women, from bringing up children to making gowns and bonnets."

The cathedral of Mayence has just come into possession of an interesting relic. The German poetess, Hahn Hahn, has just left to the sacred edifice the crucifix worn by Marie Stuart at her execution, and which bears the date February 18, 1578. This relic is perfectly authentic.

Yvette Guilbert, the "chanteuse, *fin de siecle*," who continues to be the rage in Paris, is heavy-boned and tall, with long limbs, a long neck, and a head decidedly of the Mongolian type. Her cheek bones are strongly developed, her nose short and snubby and her lips thin.

Commodore Vanderbilt, the founder of the family and fortune, was, according to General Butterfield, once asked what he considered the secret of success. "Secret? secret?" he replied; "there is no secret about it; all you have to do is to attend to your business and go ahead."

Miss Ruth Cleveland has not escaped the souvenir spoon mania. A Washington woman has recently copyrighted one of these spoons with medallions of the ex-President and Mrs. Cleveland in the handle, and in the bowl the young lady is represented lying in a lace pillow and shaking a rattle in her right hand.

The Grand Duke Constantine, whose visit to Nancy during President Carnot's recent tour made such a sensation in Europe, is a brother of Nicholas Constantinovich, who was some years ago exiled to Siberia for stealing his mother's jewelry in order to give them to the notorious American beauty known as Fanny Lear.

Mr. Gladstone's ancestors took their name from a property they owned called Gledstanes. The name was derived from gled, a hawk, and stanes, the rocks which surround the fortalice of Gledstanes. As far back as 1296, Herbert de Gledstane figures in the Ragman Roll as one of the Scotch lairds who swore fealty to Edward I. of England.

The King of Wurtemberg, while entering the Stuttgart Schloss the other day, nearly drove over a young American lady. She, however, with that *sang froid* characteristic of the fair daughters of the West, caught the horses' heads, and pushing them back, told the King in pretty strong Anglo-Saxon and German intermixed what she thought of him. His Majesty, who was entirely at fault, jumped down and tendered his most profuse apologies.

Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) is engaged in making a statue of her mother, Queen Victoria, for the Chicago Exhibition. The princess was a pupil of the late sculptor Boehm, and it was she who discovered him dead in his studio. Like all her sisters she is brimful of talent, is an excellent painter, and a splendid musician. Moreover, she is the only one of the Queen's daughters who may be called handsome. Even were she not a royalty, her personal appearance would attract attention.

*

Love and death are two great hinges on which all human sympathies turn.—*B. R. Haydon.*

Notes on India.

(By an Anglo-Indian.)

THE climate of India proper is almost as varied as that of Canada, and this fact becomes more intelligible when it is remembered that Afghanistan on the north is separated from Ceylon on the south by some twenty-six degrees of latitude. In the Presidency of Madras the climate is humid and temperate, and is characterized by no great extremes of either heat or cold. In Bombay, Bengal and the North-West Provinces there are three distinct seasons represented by the winter months, the rainy months and the hot months. In the Punjab and Northern India the year is divided into two portions, the cold weather and the hot weather. Burmah and Assam have distinct climates of their own, and as a rule they are damp, hot and unhealthy; but as Burmah and Assam, though politically part of India are geographically distinct and separate countries, each governed by a local government and garrisoned by a local army, they cannot be regarded as part of what is generally known and spoken of as India. Of the whole of India the climate of the Punjab is the best. In a paper read about three years ago by Sir Elphinstone Grant Duff before a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, he compared the weather there as analogous to the springtime of Northern Italy. During the winter months in the Punjab, in the daytime the air is keen and bracing, and at night when the sky is cloudless there is sufficient frost to permit during the winter season the collection of enough ice to last the hot weather. As an example of the coldness of the winter in Northern India, it may be mentioned that each officer and soldier of the native regiments quartered along the Afghan frontier is provided with a *poshtin*, or fur coat. Conversely, the summer is extremely hot, but apart from the fact that during that season leave is granted to the hills and Kashmir as a matter of course, there are so many appliances to reduce the temperature that it is doubtful if the heat of the summer is felt any more there than it is in the Southern States of America. It may be interesting to notice the methods taken to counteract the excessive heat. In the first place, the walls of the houses are very thick; then the houses themselves are encircled by verandas, along the outer sides of which are suspended mats made of a sweet-scented grass termed *kuskas*, which being kept continually wet serve to cool the hot air passing through them. In addition, most houses are supplied with a *thermantidote*, or a machine which permits of cooled air being pumped into a room. Then, again, the verandas and ground in the vicinity of the bungalows are kept continually sprinkled with water, which tends appreciably to cool the surrounding air. Each room is provided with *punkahs*, which by continual agitation of the atmosphere cause a rapid evaporation of moisture and consequent reduction of temperature.

One of the great peculiarities of life in India is the number of servants one is obliged to keep there. The establishment of servants usually kept in a European household in Bengal, Bombay and Northern India is as follows: First of all there is the *bearer* or butler. Except in Bombay, where Coanese and Surati servants are extensively employed, he is invariably a Hindoo. Being a Hindoo he can handle no food cooked for a member of another religion or of an inferior caste. His duties are to exercise a general supervision over your other servants, to look after your clothes, to keep your accounts and to take charge of your wines and cigars. Next in rank comes the *kitmagar*, who is a Mussulman, and whose duties are confined to laying the table and waiting at meals. After him comes the *kansamah* or cook, who is usually assisted by a *mati* or under cook. He is in charge of the culinary department and looks after the marketing. Each lady, or *mem sahib*, has an *ayah*, who performs the dual function of a European nurse and lady's maid. They have the reputation of being faithful and skilful servants, and in addition, like the generality of their sex, are notorious gossips. All the water required in the house, in the stables, in the gardens, is drawn by a *bheestie* or water carrier. The gardens are looked after by *malis* or gardeners. The lamps are in charge of a *massalchi*, and the house and grounds are swept and kept clean by a *mehter* or sweeper. Each horse is in charge of a *syce* or groom, assisted by a grass cutter. The duty of the latter is each day, either in a station or on the march, to bring in sufficient grass for his horse or pony. In the case where two or more horses are kept, the oldest and most reliable *syce* is made *jemadar* or head *syce*, and while being given a slight increase of pay is held responsible for the management of the stable generally. An Indian *syce* serving under a firm but considerate master is a very excellent groom. He knows that his own situation is dependent on the condition of his charge and it is therefore entirely to his interest that it is well fed and well groomed. When you have more than one *syce* one is always sent in advance to the place you are going, even though it should be ten miles away, so that on your arrival there your horse is properly attended to. All your washing is done by a *dhobie* or washerman. His methods of washing are primitive and rather destructive to the clothes he washes. His mode of procedure is to lather each article with a preparation of the soap nut and then to bang it with a stick or on a flat stone until it is clean. Of late years, however, many ladies have imported washing machines, and by the exercise of a little insistence and patience have induced their *dhobies* to use them. The native of India generally is, however, a most conservative individual, and views with considerable suspicion and distrust any methods or customs to which he has not been accustomed from his earliest infancy. In many ways this distrust is well founded, as it is now recognized that the methods of the West are not superior in every instance to those of the East, and that although the procedure followed by natives may appear to us primitive and the tools they employ clumsy, yet the results produced by their workmanship and their tools are generally obtained at a far less cost, and are more substantial than those produced by the nominally more advanced workmen of the West. In Madras and Bombay, where caste prejudices are not so strong as they are in Bengal and in Northern India, a low caste Hindoo, native Christian or Mahometan will perform the duties of both *bearer* and *kitmagar*, and is termed a "boy." The term boy as applied to a venerable old gentleman with white hair, and a flowing beard, is apt at first to strike a stranger in India as rather ludicrous. The fact is, though, that the Indian word *boy* has no connection with the English word, but is supposed to be a corruption of *bahi* (brother), which is the expression natives usually use one towards another. Of all classes of servants in India, those who are native Christians are the worst and the ones to be avoided. Their confession of faith is that they do exactly as master does, and on enquiry this means that they dress like master, they drink whisky like master and they swear like master. In addition to these European accomplishments they also possess the Asiatic attributes of lying and stealing. Of the two classes of native Christians the Roman Catholics are the best. The ceremonial of the Romish services and the dogmas of the Roman Church appeal very forcibly to the imagination of Orientals. They regard the chanting of litanies, the swinging of censers, the gorgeous raiments of the priests, the intricate genuflexions, the solemn peeling of the organ, all in the light of a very high-class *Tamasha*. The doctrine of salvation by works, and the theory of plenary absolution on payment, are quite in accord with all heathen religions, whether they be Mahometan, Hindoo, or Buddhist. The Catholic priesthood rule by appealing to the fears and to the superstitions of their converts. The Protestant missionaries obtain converts only by offering certain tangible benefits as a reward of conversion. The spiritual influence they exercise over their flocks is but small. A religion such as the Protestant religion is, one that sets forth as the price of salvation the acceptance of certain ethical dogmas and the living of a life of ideal purity, is as much beyond the intellectual grasp of an Oriental as it is beyond the practical grasp of a European. Roman Catholicism on the other hand, with its facilities for obtaining absolution by confession and penance, and its offer of salvation as a reward for good works, is admirably adapted to the native mind. In both cases, though, converts are obtained in nine cases out of ten from the Pariah castes, and their chief inducement to become Christians is, that as such they will not be regarded with the same degree of contumely as they were when heathens, in the one case they become assured of the sympathy and protection of certain of the all-powerful "Sahib log." In the other case they are the despised and rejected of all men. In some houses a *Dursi* or native tailor forms a regular portion of the establishment. Their pay is trifling, only some ten or twelve rupees a month, yet they possess considerable skill in arts sartorial. Give them a pair of breeches and gaiters made by Tautz or a tailor-made dress modeled by Redfern, and they will produce a copy which it will be most difficult to tell from the original. In originality and conception they are sadly deficient, but as copyists they are equaled only by the Chinese. Taken as a whole, I think Indian servants are better than those found in any other country. Complaints are often heard of their laziness and rapacity, but as the master is, so to a great extent are the servants. Let them be treated fairly and reasonably, and on the basis of being human beings and not machines, and they on their part will serve you faithfully and well. In the dark days of the mutiny native servants were as a class conspicuous by the fidelity and devotion they displayed to their employers; if a similar catastrophe were again to happen there is no doubt but that they would be equally true to their salt. In campaigns in Burmah and on the North-West Frontier native servants may be seen submitting without complaint to privations, to hardships and to dangers almost equal to those incurred by combatants, simply because it is their *Naukeri* or duty to do so. Their pay under these circumstances is very little greater than it is in cantonments, and they know that in no case can they participate in the honor and rewards distributed amongst the native troops at the close of a successful campaign. Their monthly pay is small and is inclusive of everything except clothing. They live in houses built in the compound of the bungalow, they require very little looking after, are always at hand, and never complain because their work is too hard. Of course they have their faults, their customs and their prejudices, but after a short residence in the country and with the exercise of a little tact and a little firmness, these are easily understood and easily provided against. In Bombay and the center of India the country has been for so long under the British rule that the people are beginning to adopt many of the manners and customs of the West. In the North of India the people retain to a large extent their ancient ways. This is peculiarly noticeable with regard to servants. In Madras and Bombay it is not at all uncommon to see servants dress in semi-European costume and wearing boots when they enter your presence. In the Punjab they always wear large turbans, flowing robes, and native shoes which they invariably remove before entering the house. The Madrassi and Bombay servant in addressing his master will simply use the expression *sahib* or sir; in the Punjab they always say *Huzoor* (your highness) or *Kudawund* (the favored of God).

All natives in India as regards religion are either Mahometans, Hindoos, Sikhs or Christians. Of these it is only the Hindoos, strictly speaking, who have castes or divisions in social grades. The highest caste amongst the Hindoos is the *Brahmin* or priestly caste, then comes the *Sepahi* or warrior caste, then the *Pundit* or learned caste, then the *Bunnia* or merchant class, and at the bottom of all the *Chumar* or sweeper caste. A member of one caste is defiled if he eats out of the same vessel as a member of another religion or of a lower caste. The profession or trade followed by a father is transmitted to his children, and the secrets of the various handicrafts are strictly guarded by the members of them. A man who through any reason loses his caste, can only recover it by the payment of large sums of money to the Brahmins and by the performance of humiliating and costly ceremonies. Although the Mahometan religion does not recognize the existence of caste, still the Indian Mahometans, as a result of centuries of association with Hindoos, observe such of its rules as prohibit eating in company with those following another religion. The Sikh religion is an offshoot of Hindooism, but is most bitterly opposed to it. Every Sikh boy on attaining the age of manhood takes the *pal*; that is to say, he is initiated into the mysteries of his religion and takes an oath binding himself to faithfully follow it. The principal divisions of this oath are: (1) That he will never cut the hair of his head or beard; (2) that he will always be faithful to the Sircar (government) whose salt he has eaten; (3) that he will never turn his back on an enemy in battle; (4) that he will never lie.

Consolatory.

The Admiral's Grand daughter—You're not very jolly to night, Mr. Breeze.
Lieutenant Breeze—I'm to be court martialed to-morrow.
The Admiral's Grand-daughter—Oh, cheer up. Just think how poor grandpa must have felt when they used to keel-haul him.—*Judge.*

Both Sides of the Question.

Richard III.—A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a horse!

Farmer Hayrick—B'goah, 'Mandy! if I don't sell him the old roan mare as soon as the show's aout.

A Secret.

"What do your club letters B. S. stand for?"
"You won't tell, will you?"
"Oh, no."
"Then why should I?"

Love in a Palace.

Mrs. De Style—So Miss D'Avnoo is going to marry Mr. Billion? I thought she would take Mr. Million.

Mrs. De Fashion—She did intend to; but Mr. Billion rushed in at the last moment and bid $50,000 higher.

A Bad Case of It.

"Parker was very absent-minded. I've known that man to walk home from the club without his hat on a cold winter night."

"Yes, I remember Parker. He was dreadfully absent-minded. He went to New York with another man's wife in one of his fits."

A TALE.

A Russian Folk Lore Story, with a Modern Application.

By Leo Tolstoi, From "Help the Starving."—[Translation.]

Emelyan was a laborer living in his master's house. Emelyan was going to his work in the fields one day when a frog, upon which he had almost trodden, jumped up in front of him. Emelyan carefully stepped over it. Suddenly he heard some one call him. Emelyan turned round and saw a beautiful girl stand behind him, who said: "Why do you not marry, Emelyan?"

"How can I marry, my girl? I have nothing except myself; no woman will go with me."

"Marry me."

The girl greatly pleased Emelyan.

"I!" he replied with delight; "but where shall we live?"

"Is that worth bothering?" said the girl. "It only means that we shall have to work a little more, and sleep a little less, and then, wherever we are, we shall find ourselves clothed and fed."

"Very well, then, we will marry; but where shall we go?"

"Let us go to the city."

Emelyan and the girl went to the city. The girl led him to a small house at the further end of it; they were married, and started housekeeping. The governor drove out one day, and, as it paved their house, Emelyan's wife ran out to look at him. When the governor saw her he was struck with astonishment at her beauty, and said to himself, "Where can such a beauty have come from? He stopped, called to her, and began to question her.

"Who are you?"

"The wife of the peasant Emelyan."

"How came such a beauty as you to marry a peasant? You should have been a princess."

"Thank you for your kind words. I am well content to be a peasant's wife."

The governor made a few more remarks, drove away, and returned to his palace. He did not eat the wife of Emelyan out of his head. He did not sleep all night. He thought of how he should take away Emelyan's wife and get her for himself. He could hit upon no way of doing it, so he called his servants and ordered them to find a way.

The servants said to the governor: "Take Emelyan as one of your huntsmen. We will then kill him with hard work. The wife will be left a widow, and you can have her."

The governor sent for Emelyan to become a man-of-all-work and to live with his wife in the palace. The messenger went and gave Emelyan the message. The wife replied: "That is good. Go. You can work during the day and at night you can return to me."

Emelyan went. He arrived at the palace. The governor's foreman asked him: "Why did you come alone, without your wife?"

"Why bring her? She has her house."

They gave Emelyan work in the governor's yard that would have been a hard task for two men. Emelyan set about his work, and was afraid he would not be able to finish it; but before night he had finished it all. The foreman saw that he had done all of it and gave him for the next day four times as much.

Emelyan went home. There he found everything swept clean and tidy; the stove lit; the baking and cooking all done. The wife was sitting at the table and sewing, while she waited for her husband. She made him lay the supper, gave him his meat and drink, and when he had finished, began to ask him about his work.

"There is no use talking; it is bad. They give me more than I can do. They will kill me with work."

"But you—you must not think about the work. Don't look to the one side or to the other; how much you have done, or how much is left. Only work. All will be done in time."

In the morning Emelyan returned to work. He started working, never looking to one side. Lo! by the evening it was all done, and before it was dark he was at home. They put more and more work upon Emelyan, but he always finished in time and went home.

A week has gone by. The governor's servants see that they cannot kill the peasant with rough work. They begin to give him difficult tasks, but with this they cannot kill him. Carpenters, mason's, roofer's work—all that they give him he finishes in time and goes home to his wife and to sleep.

Another week goes by. The governor calls his servants and says: "Do I feed you with bread for nothing? Two weeks have passed, and as yet I see nothing from you. You wanted to kill Emelyan with hard work, and from my window I observe him going home every day, singing. Did you intend to make a jest of me?"

The servants began to excuse themselves.

"We tried," they said, "with all our might to kill him with hard work, but we could not do it. When he sweeps with a broom he does it without fatigue. We then began to give him skilled work, thinking he would be short of brains, but with that we could not break him down. Where does he get it from? Everything he approaches he does. It must be that there is witchcraft in him or in his wife. We ourselves are tired of him. We want to give him a task beyond his powers. We thought of giving him an order to build a cathedral in a day. Do you call Emelyan and command him to build a cathedral in front of your palace in a single day, and then, if he fails to do it, his head can be cut off for disobedience."

The governor sent for Emelyan.

"Now, then," he said, "this is my order to you. Build me a new cathedral in front of my palace in the square. It must be ready by to-morrow. If you build it I will confer honor on you; if you do not build it you will lose your head."

Emelyan listened to the order, turned round and went home. "Now," he thinks to himself, "my end is come. He went to his wife and said: "Get your things together, wife; we must fly. Anywhere. If we do not we shall be lost, and all for nothing."

"What!" she asked. "Have you become so frightened that you want to run away?"

"How can I be otherwise than frightened? The governor has ordered me to build a new cathedral, and all in one day. If I do not build it he threatened that he would cut off my head. Only one thing is left—to run away while there is time."

The wife did not accept his suggestion.

"The governor has many servants, and wherever we go we shall be caught," she said. "You cannot escape him, and so long as we have power we must obey."

"But how to obey when it is beyond me!"

"Little father! do not grieve. Take your supper and go to bed. In the morning you will get up and everything will be all right."

Emelyan went to bed. The wife woke him.

"Go, she said, "go quickly, and get your cathedral built. Here you have nails and a hammer, and there is only a day's work left for you."

Emelyan went to the city, arrived at the palace, and behold! there was a new cathedral actually standing in the middle of the square, wanting only a little of being finished. Emelyan started to give it the finishing touches where they were required, and by the evening everything was complete. The governor woke up, looked out from the palace, and saw the cathedral, with Emelyan walking round it, merely putting in a nail here and there. The sight of the cathedral did not gladden the governor's heart. He was furious at having no opportunity of beheading Emelyan and taking his wife. The governor called his servants again.

"Emelyan fulfilled this task also," he said. "We must invent something more complicated for him. Invent it. If you do not I will lose head you first."

His servants contrived that the governor should order Emelyan to make a river flowing round the palace, with large vessels floating on it. The governor ordered Emelyan to perform this new task.

"If," he said, "you could build a cathedral in one day, you can do this also. All must be ready to morrow as I have ordered it. If it is not ready, your head will be cut off."

Emelyan became more dejected than ever, and returned with the gloomiest of faces.

"Why," she said, "are you so gloomy? Has something new been ordered?"

Emelyan told her all.

"It is necessary," he said, "to run."

"It is impossible to run away," she said. "We shall be caught wherever we go. We must obey."

"But how to obey!

"Oh! little father! do not trouble about anything. Take your supper and lie down to sleep. Get up earlier and everything will be in time."

Emelyan lay down to sleep. In the morning the wife wakes him up.

"Go," she said, "into the city. All is ready. There is only a little hillock left beside the harbor. Take your spade and level it."

Emelyan went and arrived at the city. Round the palace ran a river; vessels were floating on it. Emelyan went to the harbor and saw there a hillock which he started to level. The governor wakes up, looks out, and sees—a river, where previously there had been none. On the river vessels are floating and Emelyan with the spade is levelling the hillock. The governor was astounded, and he was not pleased with either the river or the vessels, being vexed to think that he could not behead Emelyan. He thinks to himself: "There is nothing that he cannot do. What is it to be now?" He called the servants and began to consult with them.

"Invent for me," he says, "a task that Emelyan cannot fulfil, for all that we have hitherto invented he has done, and I cannot take away his wife."

The servants thought and thought, and at last they found something. They went to the governor and said: "Call Emelyan and speak to him thus: 'Go there, without knowing where, and bring that, without knowing what.' Wherever he goes you can then say that he has not gone where he was needed, and whatever he brings you can say that it is not what was wanted. He can then be beheaded and his wife taken."

The governor was delighted. "Tais," he said, "you have invented wisely." He sent for Emelyan and said to him: "Go there, without knowing where, and bring that, without knowing what. If you do not bring it I shall cut off your head."

Emelyan went to his wife and told her what the governor had said. The wife pondered.

"Now," she said, "they have taught the governor a lesson that he himself will suffer by. The thing has to be managed wisely."

She sat down, reflected, and spoke to her husband as follows:

"You will have to go far—to our grandmother—to our old peasant mother. You must implore her kindness and you will receive something from her. You must then go straight to the governor and I shall be there. This time I shall not be able to escape from their hands. They will take me by force, but it will not be for long. If you will do all the grandmother tells you, you will soon free me."

The wife prepared her husband for the journey, giving him a small bag and a spindle.

"Give this spindle to your grandmother," she says. "By this she will know that you are my husband."

The wife showed him the way and Emelyan started on his journey. After leaving the city he saw some free shooters (rifemen) practicing. Emelyan stopped and looked on. The free shooters practiced for a while and then sat down to rest. Emelyan went up to them and asked: "Do n't you know, brothers, which is the way to go, one knows not where, and how one is to bring, one knows not what?"

The free shooters were astonished at the question. "Who," they said, "has sent you to find it at?"

"The governor."

"No! they said, "we cannot help you."

Emelyan, after sitting a while, got up and went on further. He journeyed on and on, and came to a forest. In the forest was a hut. In the hut sat an old crone—the old peasant mother—spinning flax and crying. The old woman saw Emelyan and screamed out: "What have you come for!" Emelyan gave her the spindle and said his wife had sent him to her. The old woman immediately became milder in her manner, and began to question him. Emelyan started to tell her all his life; how he married the girl; how he moved over to the city to live; how he was taken on as man-of-all-work; how he served the governor; how he built the cathedral; how he made the river with the vessels on it, and how the governor had ordered him to go there, without knowing where, and bring that, without knowing what.

The old woman listened, and stopped to weep. She began muttering to herself.

"All right," she said; "sit down, little son, and eat."

Emelyan ate, and the old woman started giving him instructions.

"Here," she said, "you have a ball. Roll it before you, and go after it wherever it runs. You will have to go a long way—to the ocean. You will get to the ocean, and there you will see a large city. Enter the city, and ask in the farthest house for a night's lodging. There you must search for what you need."

"But how, grandmother, shall I know what it is?"

"When you see what people obey better than father or mother, that will be the thing. Catch hold of it and carry it away. You will bring it to the governor; he will tell you that you have not brought what was needed, and you must then say: 'If that is not the thing it must be broken in pieces.' Beat upon it and then take it to the river, break it, and throw it into the water. You will then get back your wife."

Emelyan bade the grandmother good-bye and departed, rolling the ball before him. The ball rolled and rolled and brought him to the ocean. By the ocean was a large city. At the far end of it was a big house. Emelyan asked for leave to sleep in the house and was admitted. He lay down to sleep. Early in the morning he awoke and heard the father going up to arouse his son that he might send him to chop wood. The son does not obey.

"It is early yet," he says, "there is time."

Emelyan hears the mother getting down from the oven, and she says: "Go, my little son, the father's bones are aching. Must he go himself? It is time."

The son merely smacked his lips, and slept once more. While he slept there arose a terrible noise in the street and a beating as of drums. The son jumped up, put on his clothes and ran out into the street. Emelyan also jumped up and ran after him.

"What is that which the son obeyed better than father or mother?"

Emelyan ran out and saw a man going along the street and carrying a round thing on which he beat with sticks, and which rumbled. The thing the son obeyed. Emelyan ran toward it, began to examine it, and saw—a thing that was round, like a barrel, and had both ends covered with skin. He began to ask what it was called.

"A drum," the man said.

Emelyan was surprised, and he asked that it should be given him. It was not given. Emelyan gave up asking, and commenced to walk after the man. He walked all day, and when the man lay down to sleep Emelyan snatched the drum away and ran off with it. He ran and ran, and came home to his own city. He thought that he would see his wife, but she was no longer there. She had been taken off the next day to the governor.

Emelyan reported to the governor: "He who went there, without knowing where, has brought that, without knowing what."

The announcement was made. The governor ordered that Emelyan should come the next day. Emelyan started to announce himself again.

"I have come to-day," he said, "and have brought what was ordered. Let the governor come out to me; if not, I will myself go in."

The governor went out.

"Where," he says, "have you been?"

He answered:

"You have not been there," said the governor. "But what do you bring?"

Emelyan wanted to show him, but the governor did not want to look.

"That is not it," he said.

"If it is not," said Emelyan, "it must be broken and the devil with it."

Emelyan went out with the drum and beat upon it. As he beat upon it all the military of the province collected round Emelyan. They saluted him and waited for orders from him. The governor began shouting out to his soldiers that they should not follow Emelyan. They paid no attention, but all marched after him. The governor saw it, and ordered that Emelyan's wife should be brought out before him. He asked that Emelyan give him up the drum.

"Give it up," says Emelyan; "I have orders to break it and throw the pieces in the river."

Emelyan went with the drum to the river, and the soldiers after him. Near the river Emelyan took the drum skin. He broke the wood into small fragments and threw them into the river. And all the soldiers ran away.

Emelyan took his wife and led her home. From this time the governor ceased bothering him, and Emelyan began to live comfortably, gathering round him the good things of life and ridding himself of the bad.

Bestated from the popular folklore, created on the Volga in ancient times.

Somewhat Plain.

Squires—You're naturally a kind hearted, agreeable fellow, John. Why is it that you never smile?

Old Bumyfact—I tried it once, and it took me so long to get my face back I've been afraid to repeat it.—*Judge.*

"Nada, the Lily" is now running serially in the *Illustrated London News.* The Canadian edition is finely illustrated with twenty-five full page engravings, and will be the book of the year. Price—Paper, 50c.; cloth, gilt, $1. For sale at all bookstores. Published by the National Publishing Company, Toronto.

The natural effect of sorrow over the dead is to refine and elevate the mind.—*Irving.*

The same people who can deny other people everything are famous for refusing themselves nothing.—*Leigh Hunt.*

The Excursion.

Fred (his first outing)—Tom, what do you suppose that life perserver is left there for?

Tom (an old timer with a tremendous appetite)—I dunno, unless it's for a feller to put on when they hands arous' the lunch to keep him from bustin'.—*Life.*

USE SURPRISE SOAP ON WASH DAY; AND EVERY DAY.

Articles For Every Class of Sports and Games

Camping, Fishing, Shooting and Lawn Games

AT

H. P. DAVIES & CO. 81 YONGE STREET TORONTO

Kept on Counting.

One day this week, Dr. P——, who had company to dinner, sat quietly chatting in a corner of his drawing-room, when he was told that a patient had come to see him, who was strongly recommended by some fellow-practitioners, and whose card was brought in by the page. The doctor submitted with a bad grace and stepped into his surgery.

The visitor was in an advanced state of consumption. The bronchial tubes were in a deplorable condition, and the vocal chords nearly worn out. Our physician was in the habit of ascertaining the condition of the patient by asking him to count, and generally stopped him at thirty or thirty-five—quite long enough for the purpose. This time, also, Dr. P——asked his patient to count. Time passed on, and the guests began to feel alarmed at his protracted absence. One of them opened the surgery door. Dr. P——had gone to sleep in his armchair, and the patient had counted up eight thousand six hundred and forty-two!—*Le Matin.*

For headache, toothache and all other aches St. Jacobs Oil has no equal.

A Counter Irritant

"Yes, dear wife," and he closed his eyes, "the end is near. The world grows dark about me. There is a mist around me gathering thicker and thicker, and there, as through a cloud, I hear the music of angels—sweet and sad."

"No, no, John dear; that's the brass band on the corner."

"What!" said the dying man, jumping from his bed and flinging the bootjack at the leader. "Have those scoundrels dared to come round here when I am dying!" And he recovered.

A veritable family medicine box, BEECHAM'S PILLS.

An Important Omission.

The mother's suspicions were aroused, and that night when the young man left the house, and the daughter came upstairs, she interviewed her.

"Ellesdeth," she said sternly, "didn't I hear Mr. Smipley kissing you in the parlor as I came along the hall?"

"No, mamma, you didn't," responded the daughter emphatically.

"Well, didn't he try to kiss you?" persisted the mother.

"Yes, mamma," demurely.

The mother spoke triumphantly.

"I knew it," she said. "Did you permit him?"

"No, ma'am, I did not. I told him you had always taught me that I should not permit any young man to kiss me."

"That was right, that was right, my dear," said the mother encouragingly. "And what did he say to that?"

The girl blushed, but was undaunted.

"He asked me if you had ever told me I was not to kiss a young man."

The mother began to feel that possibly she had omitted a vital link in her instructions.

"What did you tell him?" she asked.

"I said I didn't remember it, if you had."

The girl stopped, and the mother broke out:

"Well, go on, go on."

"I guess that's what you heard, mother," and the daughter waited for the storm to burst.

Two Harvest Excursions.

Via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway on Tuesday, August 30, and September 27, 1892.

Where the prairies are kissed by the wandering breeze
And the fields are rich with the golden grain;
Where the schooner ploughs through the prairie seas,
To its destined port on the western plain;
Where homes may never be sought in vain,
And hope is the thrifiest plant that grows;
Where man may ever his rights maintain,
And land is as free as the wind that blows.

For further particulars apply to the nearest ticket agent or address A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, 4 Palmer House Block, Toronto, Ont.

They Have No Daily Bread and Want None.

"The cattle herders of the Argentine Republic are perhaps the only civilized people on the globe who eat no bread," said George J. Giddings of New Orleans. "I was sent to that country a year ago by an English syndicate to buy cattle for the London market. I penetrated some hundred miles into the interior and for months lived among the rural folk. They are the happiest, gentlest and most hospitable people I ever saw. Their habits are frugal, though not especially one-getic, and their mode of life is primitive, but clean and virtuous. The natives, for the most part, live in little mud huts. They subsist entirely on dried beef and tea made from a native herb leaf. When they want meat they kill a beef on the pampas, and after skinning and cleaning him, hang the carcass up to dry in the blazing sun. After thus exposing it to the sun for two days the meat is then in prime condition for the Argentinian pulate after it is cooked. A great thick hulk of it is sliced off the neck or sides and, impaled on a wooden fork, is held over a flame until it quits sizzling and crackling. Then a bountiful supply of salt and red pepper is sprinkled over the meat, a little grease and water are poured over it and you have a dish fit for the gods, when the tea is drawn and ready to go with it. The better class of natives usually keep a small supply of coarse corn meal in their houses with which to make bread for distinguished guests, but they never eat any of this bread themselves, nor do they seem to care for it."

30,000 in Line.

Grand Encampment of Uniformed Knights of Pythias, to be held in Kansas City in August, for this excursion the Wabash R.R. way Co. will sell tickets at lowest first-class fare for the round trip. Tickets on sale August 19 to 22, good to return up to September 15. The Wabash is the banner route to Kansas City and the only line that can take the knights from Canada through St. Louis and return them via Chicago, or *vice versa.* Finest equipped trains on earth, running through six states of the union. Further particulars from any railway agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian Passenger Agent, Toronto.

The Kind of Man He Is

"Quinine was never cheaper than it is now," remarked Mr. Bowersox as he laid down his newspaper. "It can be obtained in a wholesale way at twenty cents per ounce. Some years ago the price was in the neighborhood of a dollar."

"How do you know?" asked Mrs. Bowersox.

"Well, I ought to know if anybody ought. Many an ounce of quinine have I taken, for I was a terrible sufferer from ague in my younger days, I can't tell how many."

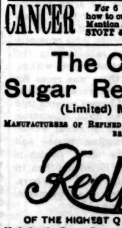
Magnificent New Vestibule Pullman Sleepers, Toronto to New York.

The Erie Railway have had the Pullman Palace Car Company build two of the finest Pullman sleepers ever built between Toronto and New York. Every person who ever traveled in a Pullman sleeper will agree with us that equal cannot be found for convenience and comfort. The interior of these cars are handsomely decorated and lighted with all the latest improvements, such as pintsch gas and finished in gold plush, drawing room with annex, ladies' toilet-room with double washroom, with portiers, hot and cold water, and a well stocked buffa in every sleeper. No scenery along this picturesque route cannot be equalled in the Eastern States. By traveling via this great route you avoid being smothered in soft coal cinders and dust along the road, as they burn nothing but hard coal. Every foot of the road is stone ballast. You must also remember this is also a double track road. The above sleepers leave Toronto at 4.55 p.m., daily, except Sundays.

A Weakened Simile.

"I will crush that man," said Rivers Ide fiercely; "I will crush him, sir, as easily as I crush this mosquito!"

And Rivers made a wild, heavy slap at the back of his neck, which the mosquito skilfully dodged, and then sailed away into the blue empyrean.



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FRANK S. TAGGART & CO. 89 King St. West, Toronto

Arrested For His Owa Murder.

"Do you see the bullet hole in the crown of this sombrero, Nob? Thereby hangs a tale, which, if you will make yourself comfortable in an easy chair, I'll relate."

I was visiting the pleasant rooms of my friend R——, an old telegraph operator; not old in years, but in experience, for he had worked at the business since a boy, and had been in many difficult positions, thus having a varied experience from which to draw his stories. The hat he now held in his hand was a light gray felt with a leather band around it, and near the top on one side and through the crown on the opposite side were two small holes made by a bullet, R—— said, in an attempt on his life.

"You remember," he began, "some ten years ago I made a trip down the Mississippi, through Texas, Mexico and California. This was partly for my health, partly for pleasure, but principally on a business excursion for our company.

"I spent considerable time in A——, Tex., and while there the city—as they call it—was being completely demoralized by as vicious, corrupt a set of gamblers as it was ever my lot to fall in with. These south-western cities of rapid growth, rapid wealth and with a population of adventurers and uneasy people collected from many parts of the globe, are just the places for these desperadoes to do their richest fleecing; but in this instance they were notorious and having committed several capital crimes, the government took the case in hand.

"In this quiet northern town you are scarcely able to realize the difference a few degrees of latitude can make in the apparent dispositions and surroundings of human beings. While travelling through the southwest, it often seemed as though I must be in a different country, everything was so foreign and lawless in its character.

"About this time there had been considerable trouble along the telegraph lines in that sec ion of the state, and I had been employed as a detective by the government to help ferret out the mischief-makers, and, as I was now stopping in A——, they wanted me to help stop the gamblers, who were beginning to smell a rat and were keeping under cover.

"In an excitable community where firearms are carried by all and often used indiscriminately, the arrest of desperate characters is not only difficult but dangerous, for, as you know, 'birds of a feather,' they usually have many friends in a crowd. In this instance a small posse was selected to arrest the gamblers, and it was agreed that, except in case of emergency, I was not to touch the criminals, but simply enter their resorts, spot the men if there and signal the officers to enter.

"The first night we succeeded in arresting two in a faro saloon, and in the conflict—for they had to be taken by main force—I had been obliged to help the officers, and this, I suppose, gave the crowd an inkling of my true character. We did not know it, however, and the next night determined to make a raid and arrest the remainder of the set, who, I discovered, had located themselves in one of the dives in the lowest part of the town, near the river.

"We had, as we thought, used the utmost precaution, for the men were desperate and would fight, we knew, to the last. The buildings on this street were so close together that their low, flat roofs nearly touched each other, growing more and more squalid till they reached the river, which cut off their growth. Consequently, there were no side entrances. At the back door we placed two men, and at either side of the front entrance, in the darkness, the remainder of the posse concealed themselves. It was agreed that, if I found the gamblers in the saloon, I was to give a signal at the most opportune moment, when the officers would rush in from both ends and secure their men before they had a chance to escape or to offer much resistance.

"I sauntered in, walked up to the bar and called for a glass of liquor. I noticed that the bartender looked surily at me, and as I turned with the glass in my hand and faced the crowd standing and seated around the faro tables, there seemed to be an unusual silence, but I leaned carelessly against the wall, pretending to sip the villainous stuff in my glass, but at the same time taking a keen survey of the crowd. I think I never saw a more hardened set of criminals outside of prison bars than we gathered around those faro tables that night. Little piles of silver and gold were heaped up here and there and many of them guarded by six-shooters or toch ie knives, while men were dealing out the cards and raking in the coins.

"Just as I was about to give the signal, one of the tables was overturned and in an instant there was a general commotion. Before I realized what was happening, so rapid and unexpected were the movements, a door opened by my side and a girl grasped me by the coat and said in a frightened voice, 'This way, quick, for your life!' Quick as a flash the girl slammed the door and I found myself being hurried up a flight of stairs and through an open trap-door on the roof. The girl gave me a push, as angry cries followed us, and said, 'To the river. It's your only chance. They mean to kill you.' You may be sure I wasted no time in grateful thanks, though why the girl braved the angry crowd for my sake I never knew.

"I leaped rapidly from one flat roof to another towards the river, but none too fast, for tramping feet, oaths and shots followed us all too quickly for my comfort, and as I leaped from the last roof into the river one bullet made the holes in the crown of that hat, just missing my head. The ruffians thought they had finished me, and then the rush of the walling posse, who made a dash when they heard the commotion, gave them other business.

"It was a short time before I was on the opposite bank of the river reviewing the case. Detectives are more feared and hated by law breakers than the regular officers, and I knew if my business were known, as it seemed it was, it was as much as my life was worth to return for the present. Besides, the work I had undertaken was finished, so I concluded to go due north till I struck the railroad, stop the first train I saw, go to the next station, then telegraph back for my grip and continue my journey west.

"It was now towards morning and I concluded I had better make myself scarce before daylight revealed my whereabouts. I struck out rapidly for the north, but when the hot sun came out and with most of the time nothing to show me my locality, I lost my reckoning and must have taken a northwesterly course. Thus it was long in the afternoon when I sighted telegraph poles and knew I must be near the railroad. Taking out my climbers, which with telegraph instruments in case of some emergency I always carried with me during my trips, I climbed the pole, cut the wires and telegraphed to the station east to stop the next train where white flag was flying from a telegraph pole. I then tacked my handkerchief to the pole and slid down. I was so overcome with hunger and fatigue that I knew this precaution was necessary, for I might drop to sleep and fail to hear the train.

"In about two hours a train came along, stopped and took me on. The engineer told me I must have traveled nearly forty miles since leaving A——. As soon as the train was under way, the conducter wanted to know by what right I had stopped the train. I took out my pass and showed him my official badge. In a few minutes he left me and said a few words to two men, the only other passengers on the train, and them went out.

"I had noticed the suspicious glance of the two men before, and now I noticed they winked knowingly to each other, but I partly closed my eyes and pretended to be dozing, yet all the time was watching my fellow-passengers closely and wondering what was up. I scented foul play and meant to be on my guard.

"Finally the men came and sauntered toward me and one was just about to put his hand on my shoulder and I caught a glimpse of a pair of handcuffs in the other fellow's hand, when out came my six-shooter and I told them not to touch me as they valued their lives. I had taken them by surprise, as it was too late for them to pull out their weapons. They fell and not much of a dead man either, as you will find out if you don't release me at once.'

"They still kept calm and advised me to read the notice behind me, for I could come no game on them.

"I turned and read: 'Murdered. Arrest any person presenting the pass of C. R. Raymond state's official, who was murdered on the 6th inst. Body thought to have been robbed and then thrown in the river.'

"That glance revealed the situation, but no expostulations or explanations of mine could convince the men I was C. R. Raymond and not his assassin. Then I raved, but as this made matters no better I finally persuaded them to release me long enough to sit down to the telegraph instrument a few minutes while they kept me covered by revolvers. I immediately telegraphed to the governor the circumstances of my escape and arrest, and the result was an order to release me at once.

"By this time excitement and fatigue had so worked on my nerves that I am sure I was never angrier in my life, and when the governor's commands were executed I turned and gave those two officials such a dressing as I presume they never before received. All believed me then and were ready to do me service. After rest and refreshment, of course, I could view the case more calmly; but it was not, to say the least, a pleasant experience to be arrested for my own murder."—*V. Rellum in Detroit Free Press.*

A Sacrifice, Indeed.

"But, my dear Harold—I cannot marry you. You can't support a wife on your salary."

"Yes, Maude. It will suffice for you, and I—well, dearest, I will shift for myself."

Misses E. & H. Johnson, 122 King street west, are now displaying their spring show of millinery in dress goods and millinery. An elegant and varied assortment to select from. Perfection of taste, style and fit. Ladies are respectfully invited to inspect our styles and material.

Dear, Thoughtful Little Thing.

"Well, Flossie, you are busy with fancy work, I see."

"Yes. Tee makin' papa a birfday-pwesent."

"Now, what may that be—an afghan?"

"Oh, no. That's a nice yellow floss wig to wear to church. Papa's bald."

Madame Rowley's Toilet Mask

(OR FACE GLOVE)

The following are the claims made for Madame Rowley's Toilet Mask, and the grounds on which it is recommended to ladies for Beautifying, Bleaching and Preserving the Complexion:

1st. The *Mask* is *Soft* and *Pliable* and can be *Easily Applied* and *Worn* without *Discomfort or Inconvenience.*

2nd. It is durable, and does not dissolve or come asunder, but holds its original shape.

3rd. It has been *Analyzed* by *Eminent Scientists* and *Chemical Experts*, and pronounced *Perfectly Pure* and *Harmless.*

4th. With ordinary care the *Mask* will *Last for Years* and is *valuable properties Never Become Impaired.*

5th. The *Mask* is protected by letters patent, has been introduced ten years, and is the *only Genuine* article of the kind.

6th. It is *Recommended* by *Eminent Physicians* and *Scientific Men* as a *substitute for injurious cosmetics.*

7th. The *Mask* is as *Unlike* the fraudulent appliances used for conveying cosmetics, etc, to the face *as day is to night*, and it bears no analogy to them.

8th. The *Mask* may be worn with *Perfect Privacy* if desired. The *Closest Scrutiny* cannot detect that it has been used.

TRADE MARK Reg'd.

The Toilet Mask (or Face Glove) in position to the face.

TO BE WORN THREE TIMES IN THE WEEK.

9th. It is a *Natural Beautifier* for *Bleaching* and *Preserving the Skin* and *Removing Complexional Imperfections.*

10th. The *Mask* is sold at a moderate price, *and one purchase ends the expense.*

11th. Hundreds of dollars uselessly expended for cosmetics, lotions, and like preparations may be saved by those who possess it.

12th. *Ladies* in every section of the country are using the *Mask* with gratifying results.

13th. It is safe, simple, cleanly and effective for beautifying purposes, and never injures the most delicate skin.

14th. While it is intended that the *Mask* should be *Worn During Sleep*, it may be applied, *with equally good results*, at *Any Time*, to suit the convenience of the wearer.

15th. The *Mask* has received the testimony of well-known society and professional ladies, who proclaim it to be the greatest discovery for beautifying purposes ever offered to womankind.

A FEW SPECIMEN EXTRACTS FROM TESTIMONIAL LETTERS:

"I am so rejoiced at having found at last an article that will indeed improve the complexion."

"Every lady who desires a faultless complexion should be provided with the Mask."

"My face is as soft and smooth as an infants."

"I am perfectly delighted with it."

"As a medium for removing discolorations, softening and beautifying the skin I consider it unequaled."

"It is indeed a perfect success—an inestimable treasure."

"I find that it removes freckles, tan, sunburn and gives the complexion soft, smooth surface."

"I have worn the Mask but two weeks and am amazed at the change it has made in my appearance."

"The Mask certainly acts upon the skin with a mild and beneficial result, making it smoother and clearer, and seeming to remove pimples, irritations, etc., with each application."

"For softening and beautifying the skin there is nothing to compare with it."

"Your invention cannot fail to supersede everything that is used for beautifying purposes."

"Those of my sex who desire to secure a pure complexion should have one."

"For bleaching the skin and removing imperfections I know of nothing so good."

"I have worn the Mask but three nights and the blackheads have all disappeared."

"The Mask should be in every lady's toilet case."

"I must tell you how delighted I am with your Toilet Mask; it gives unbounded satisfaction."

"A lady was cured of freckles by eight nights' use of the Mask."

"The improvement in my complexion is truly marvelous."

"After three weeks' use of the Mask the wrinkles have almost disappeared."

"My sister used one for a spotted skin, and her complexion is all that can be desired."

"It does even more than is claimed for it."

"I have been relieved of a muddy, greasy complexion after trying all kinds of cosmetics without success."

COMPLEXION BLEMISHES

may be hidden imperfectly by cosmetics and powders, but can only be removed permanently by the Toilet Mask. By its use every kind of spots, impurities, roughness, etc., vanishes from the skin, leaving it soft, clear, brilliant and beautiful. It is harmless, costs little and saves the user money. It prevents and REMOVES

- - WRINKLES - -

and is both a complexion preserver and beautifier. Famous society ladies, actresses, belles, etc, use it. VALUABLE ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET, with proofs and full particulars mailed free.

THE TOILET MASK COMPANY - - 1164 Broadway, New York, U. S. A.

☞ Apply NOW, while you have our address before you, as this advertisement appears only occasionally.

Please mention TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon *must* accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

K'NANA.—This is your second letter. Your pretty writing was studied a long time ago. Did you not see the result?

A DAISY.—I think you are a young and not at all a stupid sort of girl. At the same time I think care and style might make your writing better worth studying.

BRIDE.—Your writing is not very easy to delineate, as it is in an unnaturally formal and constrained state. I think I should prefer not to study it, you would not be satisfied.

LITTLE WHITE SUBBENKER.—1. You are impulsive, candid, earnest and have decided ability. Probably popular, slightly prejudiced, but a very womanly person. 2. I am not a man; guess again.

HER LOVER.—This is rather unfinished and crude writing, but has some good traits; hope, energy, loyalty and ambition, with some talent are shown, generosity and conscientiousness also appear.

TOPSY TURVEY.—Individuality and decided smartness are yours, impulsiveness and self-assertion also, you are fond of society, rather blunt in speech, wilful and pleasureable, but not at all unlovable, Topsy, and I don't at all believe your complaint.

DAISY.—You are hopeful, happy-tempered and generous, neither too confiding nor over cautious, but perhaps a little cautious in speech. Energy is evident, kindness and imagination under control of good judgment. Rather a fine character, Daisy.

DEAR STARS.—Your writing shows a cautious but truthful and honest nature, with persevering effort, good judgment, excellent temper, and extreme love for your own belongings. Thoughtfulness and system are plainly evident, and writer should be a valuable friend.

ANONYMOUS.—I don't know whether it is Angelique or Helen who sends this study. She is slightly nervous, very positive, apt to talk too much, possesses cleverness and individuality, but lacks strength and judgment; is, however, capable of endurance and constancy.

BELINDA JANE.—You are careful, rather ambitious, and very constant and reliable, you have plenty of taste and judgment but don't show the traits I should like, being awkward and ungraceful. I think you are rather practical and sensible, and make up in goodness what you lack in grace.

MEDA.—You are humorous, inquisitive, energetic, ambitious and generous, fond of good things, with corners and the opposite sex. Abundant impulse and hearty good fellowship are shown, love of beauty and art, good taste, quick perception and a generally sane and healthy personality.

JEROLDE.—1. Hazel eyes are a deep brownish gray, a sort of mixture of blue gray and brown. They are usually accompanied by long lashes and are always beautiful. 2. Your writing shows neither a sharp temper, good decision, some hope and a great love of fun. I think time will improve it and you, say dear.

DOT.—1. The Eiffel Tower is 1000 feet high. 2 Depends on the style; you can get a Kodak for ten dollars. 3. I don't know anything that could be done with it. Write to the Toronto Rubber Company. 3. Might be re-cut and set. 4. This also depends on circumstances. Write to Donald C Ridout, Patent Office, Toronto, for information.

JASMINE FLOWER.—1. You can get it from any large music store. 2. Your writing shows nervous energy, impulsiveness and not of self-control. You are not given to fun or fancy, have great capacity for enjoyment and the reverse, and while discreet in speech are not always correct in judgment. The temper of an impulsive person is not judged but very womanly woman.

SPARKLE.—1 The next issue did not contain your study, my lady fair. You ought to know better than to have expected it. 2 You are hopeful, merry, mischievous, tenacious, rather clever, cautious in speech, slightly imaginative, is quietative and have a great love of beauty and rather good taste. In all your fun you carry a regard for other people's feelings and are capable of securing lots of friends and make them.

DAISY.—1. I suppose you are home again by this time, and you will forgive me for not answering at once; that was simply impossible. 2. Read answer to Little White Submenner. I am so glad your delineation pleased you and that out of the fulness of your heart you wrote me this present letter. Long may you live to have good times, my cheerfully friend. I am glad to say that my politics will please you, for I am on your side.

TRILLION.—The writer you inquire for has occasionally written for these papers, but you would find it difficult to secure them and I really haven't time to hunt up the dates for you. I did think I knew where to place him, but on looking up the papers I find the name to be slightly different. 2. Your writing shows a careful, conscientiousness and well controlled nature, fond of home and attached to friends, with much taste and love of beauty, strong self-reliance and a generous and discreet mind.

GEORGIE NO. 1.—I hope you will see your answer after waiting so long for it. You are persistent, affectionate and capable of great things if you get the chance, but you ought to look closer after details than you do and save your energies. At present they are often very impracticably wasted. You have hope and ambition, and are decidedly above the average in brains, imagination is good and nervous energy strong, love of fun and pleasure is rather marked but not selfishness.

ATHENEA.—What you might call bad writing might be very good in a graphological sense. Your pen is decidedly characteristic and I find in it great ideality and rather a taste for romance, not much self-assertion, but large sociability and disposition to depend much on surroundings for your happiness; you hold fast to an opinion or a friend, are cautious in a fashion, warm-hearted and rather lacking in snap and buoyancy, you are apt to let details slip and are a little forgetful, but use very conscientious in word and action, and capable of much devotion.

MOSS ROSE.—I never trouble about the six of my studies, the traits usually reveal it; but a study is all the same to a graphologist, be it from man or woman; perhaps, as a rule, the most good sense comes from women. 1. You are original, independent and fond of motion and lively company, also you are easy time and a soft current, and are partial to the opposite sex. Ambition will spur you to laziness, and there is enough talent to reap you a good harvest if you cultivate patience and system. You have already perseverance and excellent force of will, are decidedly imaginative and far above the level of the plain and practical nature. Hope, desire for praise and decided originality are shown. Your sex is self-confessed. 3. The name is that of the type founder at Edinburgh.

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY.—These three studies are very similar, in fact, Faith and Charity have the same characteristics and should nearly be sisters' writing. Both show good temper, rather a faculty for making the best of things and adapting themselves to circumstances, candor, frankness, excellent family affection, a contented spirit with a disposition to pensiveness; artistic taste and sense of humor are conspicuous by their absence, but no decidedly objectionable traits are shown. Writing is rather on the commonplace side. Hope has more individuality and also more self-esteem than her companions, is as cheerful and touchy in temper and more hopeful and impatient, has more originality and some humor but all three studies are consistently matter-of-fact. I am sorry to have kept these three guess waiting so long, but circumstances ordered it so.

NAN.—Your modesty is delightful. You really don't feel competent to fill any situation, and ask my advice about it. Above all things be independent of your feeling or the situation? I presume you mean the latter, as you add that remark about the stenography and typewriting. My advice, which I don't suppose for a moment you will take, is to realize the meaning of your confession and try to fit yourself for some work. Now, since you seem to have the dowry of Saturday's child, who, the old rhyme tells us, must work for her living. Your writing is much more commonplace than your statement. It shows amiability of temper, some ideality, discretion, and though lacking in judgment, a breezy and cheerful nature. The constancy and evenness of effort shown is very good, and order, conscientiousness and truth are plain.

Her Comment.

"Isn't this chrysanthemum a pretty flower?" asked Mrs. Snooper of her four-year-old baby girl.

"Yes'm," replied the tot, "but its hair needs brushin'."

Does It Interest You to Know

Where you can obtain the best assortment of Artists and Decorative Materia at the lowest prices? If so, it is at

The Art Metropole

131 Yonge St., Toronto (opposite Temperance St.) and 3, 5 and 7 Toronto Arcade

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USE Dr. Sel's Remedy

THE GREAT FRENCH REMEDY for DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUS AFFECTIONS, CONSTIPATION, and all diseases of the stomach, liver and bowels.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Price: $1.00

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are also very vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

RIPANS TABULES regulate the stomach, the liver and bowels, and purify the blood; are safe and effectual the best medicine known for indigestion, biliousness, headache, constipation, dyspepsia, chronic liver troubles, dysentery, bad complexion, offensive breath, sour stomach and all disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels. Ambition will spur you on lately, and there is enough talent to reap you a good harvest if you cultivate patience and system. You have already perseverance and excellent force of will, are decidedly imaginative and far above the level of the plain and practical nature. Hope, desire for praise and decided originality are shown. Your sex is self-confessed. 3. The name is that of the type founder at Edinburgh.

FINE FUNERAL GOODS AT J. A. GORMALY

"AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR INDIGESTION."

ADAMS' PEPSIN Tutti-Frutti.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS & CONFECTIONERS.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

A LITTLE GIRL'S DANCER.

Mr. Henry Macombe, Leyland St., Blackburn, London, Eng., states that his little girl fell and struck her knee against a curbstone. The knee began to swell, became very painful and terminated in what doctors call "white swelling." She was treated by the best medical men, but grew worse. Finally

ST. JACOBS OIL

was used. The contents of one bottle completely reduced the swelling, killed the pain and cured her. "ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

THREE Pozzoni's POINTS

COMPLEXION

POWDER: SAFE; CURATIVE; BEAUTIFYING. 1. 2. 3.

THREE White, Flesh, Brunette. POZZONI'S All Druggists Fancy Stores. TINTS.

Music.

THE death angel has been abroad among the musicians lately. Many in Toronto will have cherished admiring recollection of Mr. Franz Vetta, the basso who has been here several seasons with the American and Emma Juch Opera Companies. A fine, tall fellow, a good basso with a large repertoire, in all of which he was very effective, he was a favorite wherever he went. He died at Riverside, Cal., after an illness of several months. His proper name was Louis Neumayer. He leaves a widow, known on the operatic stage as Miss Lizzie Macnichol.

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Another recent death is that of George Washburn Morgan, long known as one of the first organists in New York. He was an Englishman, born at Gloucester in 1843 and early evinced a talent for music, being assistant organist of Gloucester Cathedral at twelve years of age. He came to New York in 1858, where he has resided ever since. He was engaged in a concert tour in the Pacific States with his daughter, Miss Maud Morgan, the harpist, when he was stricken down at Tacoma, Wash.

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We are so accustomed to find the good things gathered in Europe being brought out here for our delectation, that it seems surprising to find that the Arion Singing Society of New York has invaded Europe in a body and has been singing in Germany with great success. At Hamburg, Berlin and Leipzig they met with great praise and favorable comparison with the local clubs. At Vienna they had an audience of four thousand people, and encores were demanded and granted. The utmost enthusiasm prevailed, and it was universally conceded that the American singers could show the Austrians several good things. The Arion is a chorus of men's voices, such as was being organized by Mr. W. Edgar Buck.

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M. Ovide Musin is on his way back to America after a most successful tour to Australia. He has added a Torontonian to his company, Pierre Delasco, a fine basso who gave a recital at the Academy of Music a year ago.

•

Mr. W. M. Robinson, a young baritone, not unknown in Toronto, is in charge of the music at Ottawa Beach, a summer resort in Michigan. He has already progressed so well that the Chicago *Presto* speaks of him as "the well known baritone."

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A party consisting of Miss Lilli Kleiser, soprano; Mr. J. H. Cameron, elocutionist; Mr. James Fax, comique; and Miss Martin, accompanist, started on Saturday last on a six weeks' concert tour, extending as far as Regina. The popular members of this company should be sure of success on this adventure.

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Have you ever been "filled up" by the over-sanguine man? I have, several times, and went through this experience some days ago, in consequence of which I was led to give some inaccurate information last week, and then experienced the mortification of finding events and facts to be at variance with my statement. I said that Mr. Torrington had been so fortunate as to secure a guarantee of three thousand dollars for three series of orchestral concerts, and then proceeded to read him a homily on the great opportunities vouchsafed to him. The statement I made was, I now find, built upon an insecure foundation and has to be retracted, though the homily may as well stand for future use. This week I am told that our genial conductor had secured only one thousand of the three, and is now endeavoring to add the other section, though with the most flattering prospects of even exceeding the limit that he has set himself. Every one who knows Mr. Torrington will know at once that he has made no intentional mis-statement and that his natural enthusiasm prompted his statement, therefore I should make no allusion to the matter to-day were it not that I very naturally like to place myself in my proper position before my readers. In fact, Mr. Torrington explained to me that his friends thought it would be better for him to secure the larger amount from a larger number of people, in order to secure the wider influence and sympathy. We all know that our friend is fertile in schemes, and his energy and magnetism are so great that he brings many of them to a state of fruition. I am sure all lovers of orchestral music will wish and hope that this, his latest plan, may meet with the success accorded to many of his former plans.

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Toronto is a fortunate summer city. Beautiful streets—now to be made still more beautiful by permanent pavements—generously shaded by trees, numerous lovely spots easy of access by water, many parks, fine drives and interesting street-car rides, with cool nights, made many of us feel that the comforts of our homes far exceed what we can find elsewhere. This pride in our home is much enhanced by the fine band music we can hear every night, through the liberality of our City Council. Have you heard these bands lately? They are playing splendidly. Both bands, the Queen's Own and Royal Grenadiers, have a fine repertoire of both modern and old-time music, and any of their performances can be listened to with great pleasure. In addition to these, Heintzman's excellent band has given many open-air concerts which have been paid for by private liberality.

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I am sorry to find that some crank has recently been writing to a morning paper calling for marches, galops and waltzes to the exclusion of what he terms "classical music." By the latter term I suppose he refers to operatic selections. Now, I take it that every lover of music would be sorry to find such numbers excluded from our band music. Situated as we are in Toronto, we have few means of hearing operatic music, both modern and old, and in most cases it is only by means of our bands that our younger people can gather any idea of the music that set our fathers' and mothers' hearts afire. Many of us date our knowledge of the older operas back to the old days when the garrison bands played in the old quarters, and in the majority of cases our knowledge of this music is confined to what we have heard the bands play. In addition to this, many operas that have had their day are in this generation only known by their gems, or perhaps their only worthy numbers, crystallized in a band selection. Why should this knowledge and this pleasure be denied us, to be replaced only by what is too frequently vapid and weak arrangements of dance and march music. Surely those who know a little about music are as much to be considered as those who see and hear nothing in music but an impetus to set their feet jigging in time to the band. The military band in its concerts should be, as it always has been, an educator, and is, as a matter of fact, the only educator in music which reaches the masses in a city like Toronto. By all means, Messrs. Bandmasters, stick to the good, and do not be misled by false cries.

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Every once in a while we read strongly worded appeals for a large music hall in Toronto. There can be no doubt that the want for a good public hall is a real one. Every season the barn-like Pavilion in the Horticultural Gardens becomes less satisfactory to those who use it, both performers and audience. It is wanting in the fine acoustic qualities necessary in a concert hall, is most successfully devoid of anything that is æsthetic in its appearance, and is seated with the most execrably hard and uncomfortable benches that an ingenious and energetic search could bring to light. Yet we have patiently borne the infliction for thirteen years. Various schemes to build a suitable hall have been set on foot, but all, so far, have died of inanition. I was therefore glad to hear the other day that a gentleman, one of our largest property holders, was about to convert one of his buildings into a music hall with a seating capacity of some twenty-two hundred. He is a man of some public spirit, though he, as a business man, is naturally desirous of seeing the prospects of a return for his investment ahead of him before he starts. I have mentioned only the Pavilion, but there are of course other rooms in the city that accommodate concerts. Yet these are equally at fault with the Pavilion, and I am sure that a down-town hall properly designed and comfortably seated would speedily become a popular resort, and I hope that my friend will go ahead with his scheme.

METRONOME.

A Linguistic Menagerie.

Let us take a turn with the animals and insects of metaphor. The Scotch have a saying, "You have a bee in your bonnet." The meaning is that the head has a new idea or fancy that is for the time paramount. "Your head is full of bees," is an old-time phrase meaning that dreamy theories have taken possession of the brain. The connection between bees and the soul was once generally maintained; hence Mahomet added bees to Paradise. The moon was called a "bee" by the priestesses of Ceres, and the word lunatic, or moon-struck, still means one with "bees in his head."

"The wolf at the door" is a common expression in all countries, and we say of a ravenous eater, "he has a wolf in his stomach." It implies hunger, starvation. It is said that there are people who use the term literally to frighten their young children into the habits of industry and economy, so that the frightful wolf of hunger may never appear at their doors.

"A frog in the throat" is a common expression referring to a husky speaker.

"I smell a rat" has long been a popular saying when some mystery has been discovered or a hidden clue found. It was an Irish barrister who got off the mixed metaphor: "I smell a rat, I see him waving in the air, but if we are careful we shall nip him in the bud."

A Big Sale.

Friend Frank and I were out for a day's hunting in the interior of Long Island. After some hours of shooting our supply of powder was exhausted, but, by a happy chance, we ran across one of those rare compounds, a country store, and went in to replenish our stock. The proprietor was a little, wizened specimen of his kind, with a few gray locks and a weather-beaten voice. With a stately air he arose from behind the counter, adjusted his spectacles and inquired what we wanted.

"Some powder," said I.

Reaching down he drew forth a little old rusty keg, placed it on the counter and asked how much.

"A pound," said I.

A bolt of lightning would not have shocked the old man worse; and in an excited voice he asked:

"A—a what, did you say?"

"A pound," I replied.

"A whole poun'?" he again asked, as if in a dream.

I assured him that we wanted a whole pound.

"Wait a minute," he exclaimed, and rushing out into the open space in front of the counter and half doubling himself he began to trot around in a circle, excitedly repeating over and over again:

"A whole poun' o' powder! a whole poun' o' powder! a whole poun' o' powder!"

He pranced around till he was nearly exhausted and then he went back, arranged his rusty scales, and began to pour out the powder. But he emptied the keg and there was not a pound in all. A look of dismay spread over his features, but in a moment he said: "I will run over and borrow Neighbor Ben's powder horn," and off he went. He soon returned with the horn, and finished the pound. As he handed it over I asked the price.

This started a new trouble. He searched here and there, and finally declared that he could not find the price and would leave it for us to say how much. I told him forty cents was about right, and handed him the money.

"Gentlemen," he said, as we turned to go, "I've kept store here close onter forty year, an' I never made such a big sale before. A whole poun' o' powder!"

But we hurried away before he could have another spasm.

A Valuable Idol.

An exchange says that a lady, who was looking about in a bric-a-brac shop with a view to purchasing something odd, noticed a quaint figure, the head and shoulders of which appeared above the counter.

"What is that Japanese idol over there worth?" she enquired.

The salesman replied in a subdued tone: "Worth about half a million, madam; it's the proprietor."

A Trying Sight.

Houlihan (in the menagerie)—Saint Patrick preserve us! An' what may thot thing be?

The keeper—An iguana; Central America.

Houlihan (relieved)—Me frind, Oi knocked off whiskey for sein' better-lookin' things than him; an' now Oi t'ought thot perhaps Ol'd hov to be givin' up wather!

No Use.

Mamma—When that boy threw stones at you, why didn't you come and tell me, instead of throwing them back?

Little Son—Tell you! Why, you couldn't hit a barn door.

In Sunday-School.

"Why should we say to Satan 'Get thee behind me!'" asked the teacher.

"So that we shall get ahead of him," returned the bright boy.

Not Easily Satisfied.

Tantivy Tooler—I see the *Tribune* says that a scrapping match was "a very tame affair." I understand it ended in a knock out!

An Abused Wife.

Married Daughter—Oh, dear! such a time as I do have with that husband of mine! I don't have a minute's peace when he is in the house. He is always calling me to help do something or other.

Mother—What does he want now?

Daughter—He wants me to traipse way upstairs just to thread a needle for him, so he can mend his clothes.

The Daughter of an Editor.

"Why did you reject him?"

"He was not accompanied by stamps."

From an Unpublished Report.

Alexander (the great)—If I were not Alexander I would be Diogenes.
Diogenes—Confound you! don't you know a good thing when you've struck it?—*Puck.*

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Out of Town.

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.

Mr. Percy Beale gave an afternoon tea last week for a number of happy-hearted little juveniles ranging between the ages of seven and twelve. Games of every description followed the sumptuous repast at which were: Miss Mary Garrett, Miss Gwendoline Winthrop, Master Arthur and Baby Macrae, the Misses Lucy and Marion Wilkinson, Miss Flora and Master Hamilton Garrett, and a number of others. The little ones enjoyed themselves amazingly, and left with the most evident reluctance at about eight o'clock.

At the hop last Saturday, which was not very largely attended, were the following: Mr. C. and Miss Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Fleischman, Mr. and Mrs. J. Lewis, Mrs. McPike, Miss Bryan, Mr. and Mrs. Fuchs, Mrs. Gus Thomson, Mrs. Weaver of Lockport, Mr. Hill of Niagara Falls, the Misses Heward, Miss Ball, Mr. C. and Miss Lansing, Mrs. R. G. Dickson, Miss Mabel Burnett, Messrs. Percy and Ernest Ball, Mr. Langmuir of Niagara Falls, Mr. Allan and Miss A. Anderson, Mrs. and Miss Geddes, Miss Griffith, Mr. Geale, Mrs. and Miss Foy, Messrs. E. W., W. and H. Syer, Miss Edith Jarvis, Miss Carroll, Mr. P. Hellwell of St. Catharines, Mr. Elliott, Mr. Bernard, Mrs. Macdougall, Mrs. W. Lansing, Mr. Forbes Geddes of Dundas, Mr. and Mrs. Gregg of Buffalo, Mr. Rankin, Mr. Eaton of Albany, Mrs. L. Lansing, Mrs. Porter, Mr. and Miss Russell, Miss McKeene, Mr. Peterson. Mrs. L. Lansing wore an exquisite costume of white lace over white silk; Mrs. Fuchs looked unusually well in cream silk, very effectively trimmed with cream moire ribbons; Miss Burnett, whose graceful dancing always arouses the most flattering remark, was in pink silk, handsomely trimmed with silk fringe to match the delicate shade of her gown; Mrs. R. G. Dickson looked remarkably handsome in a very pretty combination of cream lace and satin; Miss Griffith wore white muslin; Miss Geddes, blue satin-striped grenadine; Miss McPike, black net over heliotrope silk; Miss Carroll was in a veritable cloud of the most billowy white muslin with lemon-colored sash. Another costume very generally admired, and worn by an exceedingly pretty maiden who danced divinely, was of striped silk of the palest shades of green and pink with ribbons of the same colors. Miss Marion McKeene of Hamilton was one of the belles of the evening. She looked marvelously handsome in a very pretty gown of gray cashmere and white *chiffon*.

Miss Connie Jarvis's name on the programme for last Friday evening's concert at the Amphitheater in a great measure accounted for the unusually large number who braved the storm and ignored the muddy state of the roads in their anxiety to hear the charming young nightingale of Chautauqua, who during her stay here has become so exceedingly popular both with the cottagers and the *élite* of the village. To the regret of her audience she contributed only one song, to which, although most enthusiastically recalled, she refused an encore, and a murmur of disappointment succeeded the noisy but unfruitful efforts to secure her appearance a second time.

The concert on Tuesday evening was a delightful one. Mrs. Thompson contributed two or three very good songs. Master Bert Thompson gave an exhibition of club swinging, while Mr. Ramsay and Mr. Owen Smiley provided the amusement of the evening. The former almost surpassed himself, both in his selection of songs and the manner in which he rendered them, and encore followed encore. Mr. Smiley as an elocutionist made his first appearance at these entertainments, and heartily was the hope expressed that it might not be his last. His comic selections were especially good, and peal after peal of almost convulsive mirth from his delighted audience accompanied his voice through them all. His success was undoubted.

Mrs. McPike of St. Louis is the guest of Mrs. J. Lewis.

Miss C. Arnold is visiting her sister, Mrs. James Ardill of Merritton.

Mr. Clarence Montgomery of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Toronto, has been the guest during the past week of Mr. W. Syer.

Mr. E. W. Syer left on Thursday for Chicago.

Mr. F. Geale is spending his holidays in town.

Sir David and Lady Macpherson and Mrs. Banks, who have been spending some time at the Queen's Royal, left this week.

Among the guests at the Queen's are: Mr. and Miss Eddy of Geneva, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Weaver of Lockport, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gregg of Buffalo, Mr. J. W. Eaton of Albany, Mr. and Mrs. F. Goldsmith of New Orleans, Mr. G. F. Hutchings of Cincinnati, Mr. and Mrs. F. Lautz of Buffalo, Mrs. Taft of New York, Dr. and Mrs. Hopkins of Rochester, Mrs. E. F. Williams, Mr. E. Bredell, Miss Bredell and Mrs. C. W. Bullen of St. Louis, Mr. and Mrs. Sloan of New Orleans, Mr. and Mrs. G. Raymond, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Hodgman of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. J. Turnbull of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Fleischman of Buffalo, Mrs. D. Coulson, Mr. and Mrs. W. Freeland, Mrs. Cassels, Mrs. W. J. Henry and Mrs. W. E. Wellington of Toronto.

Miss M. McKeene of Hamilton is the guest of Miss Edith Russell. GALATEA.

PORT HOPE.

The Misses Furly gave a delightful party on Thursday evening of last week, about fifty guests being present, amongst whom I noticed the following: Miss Maud Burnham, Miss Helen Quay, Miss Corbett and Miss Mabel Corbett, Miss Guernsey and Miss Kate Guernsey, Miss Sanders, Miss Gussie Painchaud of Montreal, Miss Foster of Toronto, Mrs. Watt of New York, Mrs. Andrus, Miss Mulholland of Peterboro', Mrs. Quay of Belleville, Mr. Willie Watt of New York, Mr. Geo. Field of Cobourg, Mr. Fred. Lander of Cobourg, Mr. James Burnham, Mr. W. C. Chisholm of Toronto, Messrs. Corbett, Chisholm, Trayes, McGiffin, Mulholland and Kerwood of Port Hope. Dancing was the order of the evening and was immensely enjoyed, the floor being well waxed and the music excellent. FRANCIS.

BRANTFORD.

Grace Church was on Wednesday of last week thronged with spectators to witness the marriage of Mr. Alfred Allan Watts, son of Alfred Watts, and Miss Josephine Webling, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Webling of London, England, and niece of E. H. Webling of this city. The ceremony took place at three o'clock, and was performed by the rector, Rev. Rural Dean Mackenzie. The bride was led to the altar by her mother and was attended by five bridesmaids, the Misses Lucy, Rosalind and Peggy Webling, sisters of the bride, Miss Emily Webling, cousin of the bride, and Miss Watts, sister of the groom. Mr. T. H. Brooke, of New York, acted as best man. Miss Webling's bridal gown was white silk, with tulle veil and a wreath of myrtles. The bridesmaids were attired alike in princess-colored *crepe*, straw hats and ribbons to match, and each carried a handsome bouquet of marguerites. The duties of ushers were ably performed by Mr. Moore of New York, Mr. A. J. Wallace, Mr. Kenneth Brooke and Mr. Howard. As the bridal procession re-formed, Prof. Boyce played Mendelssohn's Wedding March. Mr. and Mrs. Watts will spend their honeymoon in the Eastern States, and will be away until August 8, when they will be at Home on August 8 th, 9 th, and 10th at 110 Brant avenue. After those dates Mr. and Mrs. Watts will reside at Cascadilla, Cornell University, Ithaca, New York. The guests present were: Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Watts, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Watts, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Watts, Master Ernest Watts, Rev. and Mrs. Macfarlane, Mr. and Mrs. E. Webling, Mr. J. Watson of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. R. Henry, Mr. and Mrs. McK. Wilson, Mrs. and Miss Jenkins, Miss E. Pauline Johnson, Miss Goodson, Miss Buck, Miss Griffin, Mrs. W. Turnbull, Mrs. Phil. Buck, Mr. and Mrs. H. Hunter, the Misses Savage, Mrs. L. Heyd, Mr. Ed. Heyd, Miss Heyd, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Welding and the Misses Brooke.

Mr. W. Arthur Hossie of Montreal is spending vacation in the city.

Miss Kathleen McTaggart has returned from New York.

Mr. D. A. Findlay of Buffalo is visiting friends in the city.

Mrs. Robert Henry returned from Montreal this week, accompanied by Miss Brown.

Miss E. B. Woynis is holidaying at Grimsby Park.

Miss Reba A. Hossie returned from London this morning after a four weeks' absence.

Dr. and Mrs. Stewart are the guests of their daughter, Mrs. T. Harris. SAILOR.

HAMILTON.

Mrs. Smart of London, Eng., is the guest of Mrs. Colquhoun at her mountain residence.

Mrs. Mackenzie of India is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Grant of Bay street south. Mrs. Mackenzie has been absent from home for five years, and her many friends are delighted to see her once more on Canadian soil.

Messrs. W. O. Beatty, H. E. Browne, F. L. Gates and J. Y. Young spent last week at Mr. Young's residence on Lake Muskoka, and enjoyed some splendid fishing.

Mrs. Warren Burton of Kenwood Lodge gave a charming luncheon on Friday in honor of Mrs. Smart. Those present were: Mesdames Colquhoun, Mackenzie, Heinzman, Morris, Misses Hendrie, Harvey and Bruce.

Mr. Godfrey Patteson of Woodstock has been moved to the Molson's Bank office here from that place.

Mr., Mrs. and Miss Leggat have arrived home, after a delightful trip through the North-West, British Columbia and California, which they thoroughly enjoyed.

Mr. Oliver of Chatham is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Steele of Jackson street.

Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Charlton are summering in their picturesque home on the mountain.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Hendrie are spending a month at the Valley Farm, Aldershotte.

Miss Osborne and Miss McGiverin will leave this week for a short visit in Galt.

Invitations are out for an At Home on August 1 to be given at Beau Rivage, the Beach, when Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Mills will celebrate their "tin wedding." The invitations are very unique, being an invitation of tin. A large number of Hamiltonians will take the boat at 8 30 for the Beach and expect a most joyable evening.

Mr. G. R. Rickette's many friends have been congratulating him on his recovery from such a tragic accident and experience as that of last Sunday week. He is the guest of his brother, and is now almost convalescent.

Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Crerar spent last week in Minnesota.

Mr. and Mrs. William Osborne are spending a few weeks at Preston Mineral Baths.

Mrs. Heinzman of Toronto is the guest of Mrs. Grant of Bay street.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Ramsay are spending two weeks on the Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Sanford have taken a cottage for the summer months at Burlington Beach.

Hon. W. E. and Mrs. Sanford and family left for their charming Muskoka residence, Sans Soric, this week.

Mrs. R. Mackay and Mrs. (Dr.) White arrived home from Montreal on Tuesday after a visit of three weeks.

Mr. H. Gates is spending his holidays yachting on Lake Ontario. SYLVIA.

CLINTON.

On the evening of July 21 the house and grounds of Mr. Richard Irwin were beautifully illuminated with Chinese lanterns. The host and hostess received their guests in their usual open-hearted manner. The scene was charming. The writer sat on a rustic seat under a group of pines and watched the graceful forms flitting about in the magic light and sighed a loud sigh for the departed days of his youth, especially when the sweet tale, "so old and yet so new," was repeated again on the other side of the pines, and within a yard of his hiding-place, and he has taken this opportunity to beg the young people's pardon for unintentional eavesdropping. Bless their young hearts. It's all very delightful while it lasts. Sweet is youth—another sigh. Mayor Doherty conducted a small band of well trained voices through the intricacies of that beautiful song, Speed Away. The writer was spell-bound and heard no more love-making that night

Nor uttered a sigh
For the days gone by.

Mr. Innis went through a graceful and clever performance with Indian clubs, which was much appreciated. Altogether it was a delightful evening.

A Magnificent Trophy.

One of the handsomest specimen of the silversmith's art that we have seen for some time is the trophy presented by Hiram Walker & Sons of Walkerville to the Ontario Bowling Association, and won by the Granite Club on the R. C. Y. C. grounds this season. As a specimen of silver work it is quite unique, being of ample proportions, most appropriate design and beautifully chased and etched; well worthy of inspection. It is on view in the window of Ellis & Co., the King street jewelers.

The Favorite Bag.

This pattern of Travelling Bag is still the most in demand, and is superior to any other, both as regards capacity and convenience in packing. We make them in great variety of Grain Cowhide in three colors, black, brown and orange; also in Alligator, both real and imitation, ranging in price from $2 50 to $25 00, and in size from 16 inches to 24 inches. H. E. Clarke & Co., 105 King street west. Close 1 p.m. Saturdays.

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Special inducements are now offered for the next 60 days for Light Scotch Tweed Suitings, of which I have just received a large consignment, and invite your inspection.
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Daily for Fort Dalhousie, St. Catharines and Grimsby Park. Leave Milloy's Wharf for Fort Dalhousie and St. Catharines at 7 a.m., 9 a.m. and 7 p.m.; for Grimsby Park at 12 (noon) only. Wednesdays and Saturdays, 12 o'clock boat for Grimsby leaves at 2 p.m., and 7 p.m. boat for St. Catharines leaves at 8.30 p.m. Wednesday and Saturday excursions at 2 p.m. Return fare 50c Saturday tickets good to return Monday.
Regular fare to Grimsby Park, 75c.; for those returning same day, 50c. Regular fare to St. Catharines, $1.25; for those going on the 2 p.m. boat and returning the same day, 75c.
The steamer GARDEN CITY can be chartered for Moonlight excursions at reasonable rates.

FOR ROCHESTER
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This large and commodious electric-lighted side wheel steamer will ply between Toronto and Charlotte this season, leaving Toronto every
Tuesday and Thursday at 9 p.m.
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Making direct connections with Rochester for New York and all points East.
Returning, leaving Charlotte every
Wednesday, Friday and Sunday at 8 p.m.
This boat has large state room accommodation, fine cabin and every convenience for first-class passengers.
Tickets and freight rates may be obtained at
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Baggage examined at the Union Station.

The Old Woman.

The car was bowling merrily along. It so happened—as strange things do sometimes happen in this prosaic world—that all the seats on one side of the car were occupied by men and all the seats on the other side by women. The women were all young and pretty, too. Now, when a man is riding in a street car a pretty face is always a cheering sight to see, but when there are a dozen lovely faces the pleasure is proportionately increased. Serene enjoyment was depic'ed on the face of every man in the car. Forgotten were all the ordinary cares that infest the day. No man was in a hurry to reach his destination. In fact, there was much inward rejoicing at the lack of rapid transit.

Into this temporary abode of bliss hopped a shrill-voiced newsboy. When he perceived that not a man in the car had a newspaper his eyes lit up with joyous expectation.

"Extree! extree! Full account of the horrible disaster and awful loss of life!" he shouted fiercely and gleefully.

But the men only scowled at him.

An old woman entered the car. She was fat and she was homely. No man rose to give her a seat. Each man felt that his neighbor might be harboring some such intention and feared to anticipa'e them.

The old woman waddled to the end of the car, and caught on to the strap.

"Pray take my seat, madam," said one of the prettiest of the pretty girls, rising.

"Oh, thank you," replied the o'd woman, gratefully, "but it's a shame to deprive you of it. If I wasn't so old—but perhaps one of the gentlemen will give you a seat."

"Indeed," said the pretty girl, smiling, and thereby making herself look more bewitching than ever, "I couldn't think of accepting a seat from any of them. They are so dreadfully tired."

Half of the dozen men had simultaneously started to rise. They dropped back into their seats looking sheepish and dejected. And the half dozen that hadn't begun to rise looked equally unhappy.

A change had come over the spirit of their dreams. A pretty face is not a cheering sight to see when you know that its owner entertains a very small opinion of you. And every man in the car felt that every woman in the car, including the one who was old and fat, held a cheap opinion of him. Instead of seeking the pretty face opposite, their eyes were fixed upon the floor.

Another newsboy boarded the car.

"Extree! extree! Full account of the horrible disaster and awful loss of life!" he shouted shrilly.

He did not have to yell a second time. Every man was in a hurry to read that tale of disaster, so much so that they all actually buried their faces behind their newspapers.

And the pretty women all exchanged smiles and appeared to be very much amused at something.

A Costly Telegram.

"I have heard of lots of funny telegraph mistakes," said an operator the other day, "but I never laughed so heartily as over one in which a whole military detachment was concerned. I was holding down the summit office in the Sierra Nevada mountains and a mes sage came to me:

"Have one hundred gallons of coffee ready for us."

Good heavens! We were in a quandary. How were we to get one hundred gallons of coffee in a few hours! Well, we all set to work. Every grain of coffee that was procurable was obtained and ground up. Every utensil that could hold coffee was pressed into service. Pots, pans, teacups, basins, jugs—the most unpromising of vehicles were in requisition.

The train came along, and I, proud of my ability to execute so large an order, rushed up to the commanding officer and said cheerily:

"I have got your hundred gallons of coffee all right, colonel."

"Who ordered a hundred gallons?" replied the colonel haughtily.

"You did."

"To the deuce! I only ordered ten gallons. What in thunder shall I do with a hundred gallons?"

"I don't care what you do with it. You have got to pay for it."

The colonel swore and so did I.

"Do you suppose that we have ground up every bean there is in the neighborhood just for the fun of the thing? There is your despatch—one hundred gallons."

He paid for one hundred gallons, and presented us with it; it was a hot discussion while it lasted, but it was nothing to my chagrin. I was expecting unlimited praise; instead of that I was called a blockhead.

An Unimportant Item.

He (after an elopement from boarding-school)—You led me to infer that you would inherit a hundred thousand dollars.

She—No, I didn't. I said my father was worth that much.

He—Well, but you never said a word about having fourteen brothers and sisters.

She—I didn't suppose you wanted to marry the whole family.

Divided Interests.

"If the streets of New Orleans are cleaned by vultures, why couldn't they do so in New York?"

"They wouldn't work here. They'd be perched all along Fifth avenue, watching the stage horses."

In Hot Weather.

In hot weather more infants die than in all the rest of the year. Why is this? Principally because they are fed on unsuitable food. Nestlé's Food is known as the safest diet and best preventive of Cholera Infantum and all summer complaints. Consult your doctor about this important fact.

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Some very nobby designs in checks with deep capes, $6 to $12. A large shipment just opened out.

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This medicine is superior to any other for Summer Complaint, Diarrhœa, Cramps, and Pain in the Stomach and Bowels, and any other disorder of the bowels of infants occasioned by teething or other causes. Gives rest and quiet nights to mothers and nurses. Prepared only by

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Births

RUSS—In Mexico, July 14, Mrs G. F. Ross—a daughter.
FARTHING—July 18, Mrs. J. C. Farthing—a son.
McLAREN—July 11, Mrs. P. J. McLaren—a daughter.
READ—July 19, Mrs. T. Read—a daughter.
HENRY—July 17, Mrs. T. M. Henry—a son.
MUNTZ—July 21, Mrs. Rupert G. Muntz—a son.
WINANS—July 3, Mrs. Fred S. Winans—a son.
CUTHBERTSON—July 5, Mrs. W. Cuthbertson—a son.
HEPBURN—July 24, Mrs. R. Hepburn—a son.
MacLEAN—July 21, Mrs. George MacLean—a daughter.
CROCKATT—July 21, Mrs. D. Crockatt—a daughter.
SHIELDS—July 24, Mrs. John Shields—a daughter.

Marriages.

CLARKE—RICE—July, Frederick G. Clarke to Emma L. Rice.
HAYCOCK—AULT—July 21, Arthur Burton Haycock to Edith Isabel Ault.
HARGREAVES—SINCLAIR—July 20, John Hargreaves to Mary Sinclair.
HALLIFAX—CRICKMORE—July 7, Robert Alfred Plassey Halifax to Edith Frances Crickmore.
FULLERTON—DORAN—July 14, James S. Fullerton to Lizzie Doran.
GILLETT—BIRD—July 19, Richard Clay Gillett to Helen Elizabeth Bird.
KETCHUM—DAVIDSON—July 20, Jay Ketchum to Margaret Jane Davidson.
PLASKETT—HERNLEY—July 19, John S. Plaskett to Rebecca Hope Hernley.

Deaths.

DALTON—July 24, Robert G. Dalton.
BOSWELL—July 23, Eliza Boswell.
STOCKS—July 23, Jane Fanish Stocks, aged 87.
ARNOLD—July 23, Martha Maud Arnold.
HARISON—July 23, Frances L. Harison.
SMITH—July 20, Jane Laidlaw Smith, aged 85.
DIXON—July 22, Edward P. Dixon, aged 20.
FULTON—July 23, Alexander Fulton, aged 67.
COOK—July 22, Hannah Cook.
LYNGE—July, Rasmu Kent Lynde, aged 10.
FORD—July 20, Mrs. Ford.
PLUMB—July 22, Sidney Rose Plumb, aged 6 months.
BURNHAM—July 21, Charles Burnham, aged 42.
KELLY—July 22, Eva Kelly.
O'HANLEY—July 23, John O'Hanley, aged 8.
SWAN—July 21, Mrs. L. E. Swan.
ARMSTRONG—July 11, John Armstrong, aged 15.
DANTER—July 17, Helen Dickson Danter.
ROBERTS—July 21, William Roberts.
DIGGLE—July 16, Dorothy M. Diggle, aged 7.
DIGGLE—July 21, Kathleen Maud Diggle, aged 39.
HARSHAW—July 20, G. Matilda Tait Harshaw.
KENT—July 21, Henry Kent, aged 66.
MUNRIE—July 24, William Munrie, aged 58.
BELL—July 26, Rev. A. Bell.
ATKINSON—July 26, William Atkinson, aged 76.

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